

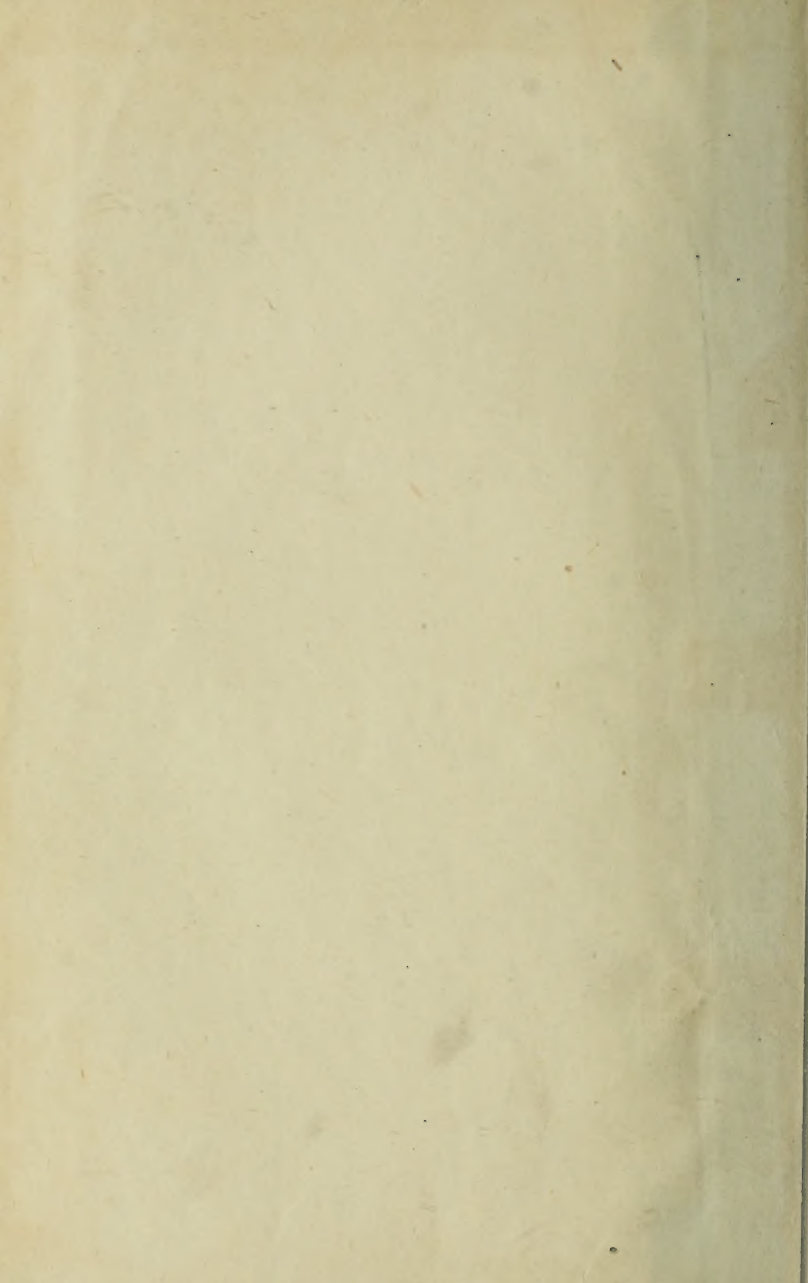


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COMPOSITION FROM ENGLISH MODELS

BOOK II

E. J. KENNY



COMPOSITION FROM ENGLISH MODELS

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BY

ERNEST J. KENNY

AUTHOR OF "ARNOLD'S SHILLING ENGLISH COMPOSITION" AND
"ARNOLD'S COMPOSITION EXERCISES"

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COMPOSITION FROM ENGLISH MODELS

By E. J. KENNY

(Author of "Arnold's Shilling English Composition").

Book I. For Junior Forms.

Book II. For Middle Forms.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD.

PREFACE

THIS book and its companion volume are the outcome of wide experience in the class-room. The method of teaching composition by means of the study and imitation of masterly passages of English prose is one that has been recommended by several great writers. Among them was R. L. Stevensen, who gained in this way his own fluent and individual style. In "Composition from English Models" an attempt has been made to systematize the practice, and the exercises are carefully planned so that the pupil may use each passage as an actual model.

Attention is directed to the following points:—

1. The reading of the extracts aloud is most important, for it is by this that an appreciation of the sound and rhythm of language is developed.
2. Great stress is laid on oral composition, in which some practice should be given daily.
3. The exercises are suggestive, and may be varied by others based on the texts studied in class.
4. Careful preparation should be made by the pupil for the chief written exercise of the week. It is well to call for the pupil's "outline."

It is hoped that the books may be found suitable for the use of Pupils in the Lower and Middle Forms in Secondary Schools, in Central Schools and Evening Classes, and in the Upper Standards of Primary Schools.

THE SENTENCE

" It should be powerful in its substantives, choice and discreet in its adjectives, nicely correct in its verbs : not a word that could be added, nor one which the most fastidious would venture to suppress : in order lucid, in sequence logical, in method perspicuous ; and yet with a pleasant and inviting intricacy which disappears as you advance in the sentence : the language, throughout, not quaint, not obsolete, not common, and not new : its several clauses justly proportioned and carefully balanced, so that it moves like a well-disciplined army organized for conquest : the rhythm, not that of music, but of a higher and more fantastic melodiousness, submitting to no rule, incapable of being taught : the substance and the form alike disclosing a happy union of the soul of the author to the subject of his thought, having, therefore, individuality without personal predominance : and withal, there must be a sense of felicity about it, declaring it to be the product of a happy moment, so that you feel that it will not happen again to that man who writes the sentence, or to any other of the sons of men, to say the like thing so choicely, tersely, mellifuously, and completely."

SIR A. HELPS.

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COMPOSITION FROM ENGLISH MODELS

BOOK II

I.—NARRATIVE

Three Fables

I

A MAN and his dog were walking along a straight road, chatting pleasantly together. The road was straight, because it was in the good old times of the Romans; and the two companions understood each other well because in those days the dogs talked dog Latin.

"Yes," said the man, "you certainly are a very clever creature. You make good use of your nose, and your eyes, and your ears. What a pity it is that you have not hands like we have!"

"Oh," said the dog, "you don't know, then, that we once had hands like yours, and how fortunate we were to get rid of them? You see even now in the streets that there are some of us who, attended by men playing musical instruments, walk upright, and gain many denarii.

"But this is how we came to lose our hands. Diana,

much pleased with our skill in hunting, resolved to ask Great Jupiter to confer some signal boon upon us. We consulted together as to what our kind mistress should ask for us. Some said that men should not be allowed to pick the bones quite so clean before they tossed them to us; others that hares and rabbits should not be so fleet; and others that we should not be called by such mean and foolish names as men are wont to give us. But one prudent old dog said, 'Jove is wiser than we are; let us ask him to take away from us whatever we have now which is most dangerous for us to have.'

"Our prayer was heard, for suddenly our hands became paws, and henceforward we went upon four legs.

"Many of my brother dogs grumbled at this change, and howled to Jupiter that he was mocking us; but Jove replied, 'My good friends, I have done the best I could for you; you might hereafter make as bad a use of your hands as men are making of theirs, and thus in time become as dishonest and wicked as they are.' We acknowledged the wisdom of Jupiter; and so the monkey was left to be, in form as in nature, the creature most resembling man."

II

The sun was setting, the moon was rising; and one solitary traveller was plodding his weary way across the Libyan desert.

"Madam, my sister," said the sun, "how is it that men are so much more grateful to you than to me? All day long have I warmed that poor traveller, and guided him on his way, yet not a kind word did I receive from him; whereas, no sooner do you make your pale appearance above the horizon, than he breaks out into a song

of gratitude, celebrating your goodness and your loveliness."

"Sir, my brother," replied the moon, "your benefits are too manifest, and you take care that all you do for men shall be seen in broad daylight.

"What little I can do for them, how I keep their oceans sweet, is known but to few of them.

"Men try to be sufficiently grateful to you, but they love me, not only for my gentleness and my loveliness, but also for my great reserve."

The great god of day did not deign to make any reply, but went down red and angry into the western waters.

III

The Pasha rested by the fountain, the flowing waters of which made an oasis in the desert.

His horse and his camel cropped with delight the green herbage near the fountain. Their shadows lay strongly and darkly upon the grass.

"How beautiful," said the horse, "is that dark form which moves as I move; what grace, what symmetry it shows! I can hardly eat for looking at it."

"It is well enough," said the camel, "but look at this one which moves with me. It has all the symmetry and the grace of the other; *and then, too, it has that pretty little hump on its back.*"

A dervish passing by, who knew the language of all beasts, exclaimed: "How good is Allah, who gives to every creature its due share of vanity, so that defects seem to their owners especial beauties and merits!"

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

"Realmah."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the Fables aloud, and notice that in each case the narrative is made more interesting by the introduction of the direct form of quoting speech.

2. Find the meaning of the following:—

- (a) Denarii. (b) Jupiter. (c) A Pasha. (d) Allah. (e) dog Latin. (f) Diana. (g) The Libyan desert. (h) A dervish.

3. Express in your own words the "moral" of each fable.

4. Expand the following outline of one of La Fontaine's fables, and supply an appropriate title. Use the text as a model.

A smart well-fed dog met a lean and hungry wolf. The dog remarked on the poor appearance of his companion and advised him to quit the woods. He promised the wolf good food, comfortable shelter, and many caresses. As they journeyed the wolf observed the marks of the dog's collar, and inquired what they meant. The dog made light of them, but was compelled to admit that he was not free to go where he liked. In the end the wolf ran off to the woods, saying that he would not exchange his freedom even for a treasure.

5. Write an original fable to be entitled "How the Tortoise got its Shell."

6. Invent some little fables drawn from animal life to teach the following:—

- (a) Gentleness often accomplishes more than violence.
 (b) Greediness brings its own punishment.
 (c) Boasting and courage go seldom together.

The Coronation of Anne Boleyn

On the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower, the streets were fresh strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen, and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, "with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good

room and order." Cornhill and Gracechurch-street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold, and tissue, and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses, hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass.

At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway in the bright May sunshine, the long column began slowly to defile. Twelve French knights came riding foremost in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings. After them followed a troop of English gentlemen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet, with hoods purpled with miniver like doctors." Next, perhaps at a little interval, the abbots passed on, mitred, in their robes; the barons followed in crimson velvet, the bishops then, and then the earls and marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode on in pairs. Then came alone Audeley, lord chancellor, and behind him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne and of Paris, not now with bugle and hunting-frock, but solemn with stole and crozier. Next, the lord mayor, with the city mace in hand, and Garter in his coat of arms; and then Lord William Howard, the Duke of Norfolk's brother, Marshal of England. The officers of the Queen's household succeeded the marshal in scarlet and gold, and the van of the procession was closed by

the Duke of Suffolk, as high constable, with his silver wand.

It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendour which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets,—those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of colour, gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices.

Glorious as the spectacle was, however, it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching “a white chariot,” drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells: and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune’s plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honour, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sat, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favoured perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England’s daughters. Alas! “within the hollow round” of that coronet

Kept death his court, and there the antick sat,
Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp.
Allowing her a little breath, a little scene

To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
As if the flesh which walled about her life
Were brass impregnable ; and humoured thus,
Bored through her castle walls ; and farewell, Queen.

Fatal gift of greatness ! so dangerous ever ! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought ; and nations are in the throes of revolution ;—when ancient order and law and tradition are splitting in the social earthquake ; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendour, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion,—if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies ; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness ?

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a Presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

J. A. FROUDE.
"History of England."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice that the sentences are for the most part double or multiple, and the general tone is a subdued one. Notice also the quotations from old chroniclers, the extract in verse, and the pathos of the last paragraph with its contrast.

2. Find particulars of the following:— Guilds: arras: liveries: surcoats: Knights of the Bath: hoods purpled with miniver: Bayonne: stole and crozier: Garter: palfreys: damask: the Pandora box.

3. Notice how the list of notables is made:—

Twelve French knights came riding foremost . . . after them followed . . . Next . . . passed on . . . the barons followed . . . the bishops then, and then the earls . . . Then came alone . . . Next, the lord mayor . . . The officers . . . succeeded the marshal . . . and the van of the procession was closed by . . .

Describe in a similar manner a procession on the occasion of a State Opening of Parliament.

4. Read the passage describing the appearance of Anne Boleyn, beginning "And in the chariot sat the observed of all observers . . ." Compose a similar passage describing Cardinal Wolsey making a progress through London.

5. Using the text as a model, write a composition contrasting Lady Jane Grey at the time of her coronation and at her execution.

The Discovery of Roast Pork

THE swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine

litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion,

when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:—

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?”

“Oh, father, the pig, the pig!—do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste,—O Lord,”—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when, the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn

tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burnt their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

CHARLES LAMB.

"Essays of Elia."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud :

2. Find from your dictionary the meanings of the following words:— Conflagration: antediluvian: consternation: tenement: assailed: premonitory: nether: mast: retributory: callous: barbarous: ejaculations: farrowed: inconsiderable: culprits: simultaneous: iniquity: privily: dynasty.

3. Notice how the humour of the passage is increased by the use of high-sounding words and phrases, *e.g.* :—

"An odour assailed his nostrils": "a premonitory moistening overflowed his nether lip": "armed with retributory cudgel": "rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters": "with such-like barbarous ejaculations": "winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision."

4. Write an account of the trial as given by one of the jurymen to his wife.

5. Write the account of the Discovery of Roast Pork as if told by Bo-bo.

6. Tell the story in very simple language as to a young child.

7. Using the text as a model, write an amusing account of the discovery that potatoes are good for food.

Two Fables for Youth

ONCE upon a time, a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at him. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain a right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a good mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A plague take thee," cries he, "for a fool! sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil: that fluttering and hissing of thine may one day

get thine head snapped off, but it can neither injure thy enemies, nor ever protect thee." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, attempt to suit themselves to every company, have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot—not a single stroke that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation: not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied; and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty: every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of

approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please one half of the world is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"The Citizen of the World."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. What is the moral to be drawn from the first fable? Distinguish between a Fable, a Parable, and an Allegory, and name one well-known example of each.

2. Use in sentences:— Excessively punctilious: the insidious cat: suppressing his indignation: equally desirous of giving nobody offence: every contiguous impression: the generality of admirers: a painter of eminence: his utmost skill: erroneous: stigmatized with marks of disapprobation: replete with the marks of beauty.

3. Put into Direct Speech what the goose said, and into Indirect Speech what the mastiff said.

4. Find words similar in meaning to the following and use them in sentences:— Punctilious: insidious: lounging: to suppress: indignation: plague: civil: to injure: obstruction: contiguous: universal: to expose: erroneous: spectators: to applaud: mortified: to condemn: approbation.

5. Express in other words the same sense:—

(a) "To bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few."

(b) "It is with ideas as with pieces of money; those of least value generally circulate the best."

(c) "Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet."

(d) "We retain from our studies only that which we practically apply."

(e) "To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it."

6. Compose for yourself a fable on one of the following topics, then write it in the style of the text:—

(a) The Fish and the Angler.

(b) The Cat and the Birds.

(c) The Parrot and the Cricket.

(d) The Grasshopper and the Snail.

Jason and Hera

AND Cheiron sighed, and said, "The eaglet must leave the nest when it is fledged. Will you go to Iolcos by the sea? Then promise me two things before you go."

Jason promised, and Cheiron answered, "Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet, and stand by the word which you shall speak."

Jason wondered why Cheiron asked this of him; but he knew that the Centaur was a prophet, and saw things long before they came. So he promised, and leapt down the mountain, to take his fortune like a man.

He went down through the arbutus thickets, and across the downs of thyme, till he came to the vineyard walls, and the pomegranates and the olives in the glen; and among the olives roared Anauros, all foaming with a summer flood.

And on the bank of Anauros sat a woman, all wrinkled, grey, and old; her head shook palsied on her breast, and her hands shook palsied on her knees; and when she saw Jason, she spoke whining, "Who will carry me across the flood?"

Jason was bold and hasty, and was just going to leap into the flood: and yet he thought twice before he leapt, so loud roared the torrent down, all brown from the mountain rains, and silver veined with melting snow; while underneath he could hear the boulders rumbling like the tramp of horsemen or the roll of wheels, as they ground along the narrow channel, and shook the rocks on which he stood.

But the old woman whined all the more, "I am weak

and old, fair youth. For Hera's sake, carry me over the torrent."

And Jason was going to answer her scornfully, when Cheiron's words came to his mind.

So he said, "For Hera's sake, the Queen of the Immortals on Olympus, I will carry you over the torrent, unless we both are drowned midway."

Then the old dame leapt upon his back, as nimbly as a goat; and Jason staggered in, wondering; and the first step was up to his knees.

The first step was up to his knees, and the second step was up to his waist; and the stones rolled about his feet, and his feet slipped about the stones; so he went on staggering and panting, while the old woman cried from off his back—

"Fool, you have wet my mantle! Do you make game of poor old souls like me?"

Jason had half a mind to drop her, and let her get through the torrent by herself; but Cheiron's words were in his mind, and he said only, "Patience, mother, the best horse may stumble some day."

At last he staggered to the shore, and set her down upon the bank; and a strong man he needed to have been, or that wild water he never would have crossed.

He lay panting awhile upon the bank, and then leapt up to go upon his journey; but he cast one look at the old woman, for he thought, "She should thank me once at least."

And as he looked, she grew fairer than all women, and taller than all men on earth; and her garments shone like the summer sea, and her jewels like the stars of heaven; and over her forehead was a veil, woven of the golden clouds of sunset; and through the veil she looked down

on him, with great soft heifer's eyes ; with great eyes, mild and awful, which filled all the glen with light.

And Jason fell upon his knees, and hid his face between his hands.

And she spoke, "I am the Queen of Olympus, Hera, the wife of Zeus. As thou hast done to me, so will I do to thee. Call on me in the hour of need, and try if the Immortals can forget."

And when Jason looked up, she rose from off the earth, like a pillar of tall white cloud, and floated away across the mountain peaks, towards Olympus the holy hill.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"The Heroes."

EXERCISES.

Read the passage aloud. Notice the smoothness of the style attained partly by the skilful use of "and." Try the effect of omitting some of the "ands" where they are not strictly required by the sense. Notice also the poetical touches, *e.g.* the torrent "silver-veined with melting snow": "over her forehead was a veil, woven of the golden clouds of sunset": "with great eyes, mild and awful, which filled all the glen with light."

2. Look in a classical dictionary for particulars of:—Cheiron; the Centaur; Anauros; Hera; Olympus; Zeus; Iolcos.

3. Find similes for the following:—the sun shone: the waters moaned: the wind sighed: her eyes twinkled: the moon rose: her garments shone: the boulders rumbled: the torrent foamed.

4. Give examples of sentences in which the parts occur out of their usual order, *e.g.* "and among the olives roared Anauros": "and a strong man he needed to have been, or that wild water he never would have passed." This device is known as Inversion. Give other instances.

5. Using the text as a model, narrate how Jason obtained the Golden Fleece.

The Charge at Albuera

SUCH a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's masses then augmenting and pressing onwards as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. . . . The fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships; but suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights.

In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dominant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling

multitude to sustain the fight, their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, breaking off like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep; the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

"The Peninsular War."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud, and notice the following points:—
 - (a) The rush and vigour of the language are eminently suited to the subject, *e.g.* "The fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships": "The mighty mass, breaking off like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep."
 - (b) The use of repetition adds emphasis, *e.g.* "In vain did Soult . . . In vain did the French . . . No sudden burst . . . no nervous enthusiasm . . . their flashing eyes . . . their dreadful volleys . . . their deafening shouts."
 - (c) The appropriateness of the words: *e.g.* vomiting forth a storm of fire: whistled through the ranks: undisciplined valour: horsemen hovering on the flank: irremediable confusion: mighty mass, etc.
2. Make a list of nouns, verbs, and adjectives associated with "War," *e.g.* Battalions: to triumph: unconquerable.
3. Construct six sentences containing phrases introduced by present or past participles, *e.g.* "The soldiers wavered, hesitated, and vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front." "The fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships."
4. Write a short paragraph on the defeat of a regiment, using Repetition as a means of emphasis.
5. Using the text as a model, write an account of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Under the Stone

DID you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges; and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time"?

What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colourless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled, turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer but cunningly spread out and compressed like Lepine watches (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat pattern live timekeepers to slide into it); black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner the stone is turned and the wholesome light of day let in upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and

everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunlight.

Next year you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

There is meaning in each of those images, the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its colour by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and colour—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings had not the stone been lifted.

You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.

O. W. HOLMES.

"The Autocrat of The Breakfast Table."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice that this is a Parable expressed with exquisite grace and finish and with quiet touches of humour, *e.g.* "in the infernal wriggle of maturity": "the region poisoned by sunlight."

2. Study the following in their context, and make sure you understand their full meaning:— Black glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches: more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity: the wholesome light of day: as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being: then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity: beauty—Divinity taking outlines and colour: a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population.

3. Use in sentences:— The staff of truth: the path of duty: the jaws of death: the pangs of hunger: the finger of scorn: the well of truth: the bond of friendship: the hand of fate: the pages of history: a grain of comfort: a spice of malice: a line of argument: the fruit of idleness: a touch of pity: a sea of trouble.

4. "Then shall the nature which had *lain* blanched and broken . . ."

Use the following verbs in sentences:—

{ Lie	lay	lain }	{ Rise	rose	risen }
{ Lay	laid	laid }	{ Raise	raised	raised }

5. Using the text as a model, write a composition on some Parable you have heard or read of, and give its application.

The Shipwreck

AND now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none, nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it: so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat

came nearer the shore she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner, and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grâce*. In a word, it took us with such fury, that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us time hardly to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt, when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw my breath, till that wave, having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the main land than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no means or strength to contend with; my business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible; my greatest concern now being, that the wave, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on,

might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body ; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore, a very great way ; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when I felt myself rising up, and to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water ; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out ; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments, to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels, and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again ; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well-nigh been fatal to me ; for the sea, having hurried me along, as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of rock, and with such force, that it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance ; for the blow, taking my side and breast, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body ; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water ; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves ; and, seeing that I should

again be covered with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as the first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took, I got to the main land; where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

DANIEL DEFOE.

"Robinson Crusoe."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the extract aloud. The chief points to notice are:—

- (a) The intense reality of the narrative—the reader can almost feel the sensations of the shipwrecked man. The skilful introduction of details partly accounts for this.
- (b) The simplicity of the language, nearly three-quarters of the words used being of English origin.
- (c) The sentences are chiefly long double or multiple ones containing several participial phrases. There is very frequent use of the semicolon.

2. Use in sentences:— Like men going to execution: in the most earnest manner: a raging wave, mountain-like: so much presence of mind: to hold one's breath: to my immediate relief: to take to one's heels: the fury of the sea: the shore being very flat: well-nigh fatal: to hold fast: to my great comfort: confusion of thought: inevitably.

3. Combine the following into multiple sentences:—

- (a) I swam very well. I could not deliver myself from the waves. I could not draw my breath. The waves carried me a vast way on towards the shore.
- (b) The wave buried me thirty feet deep in its own body. I could feel myself carried towards the shore. I held my breath. I assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might.

4. Find from your dictionary the words in the following sentence which are not of English origin:—"Now as the waves were not so high as the first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated."

5. Write in the first person a narrative of a man's adventure with a shark. Use the following outline:—

Bathing in a tropical river: the scenery on the banks: the stream itself: first sight of the shark: sensations of fear: the pursuit: strength beginning to fail: final effort: safe at last.

The Relief of Leyden

MEANTIME, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist. "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?"

"We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn.

Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and

the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labour been expended in vain?

Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort.

After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise.

The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone.

The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had

ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance.

The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city.

Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation.

The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children,—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings.

After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children.

J. L. MOTLEY.

"The Dutch Republic."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice how graphically the story is told, *e.g.* "within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion." "The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children."

(NOTE.—Motley is called "The Macaulay of America.")

2. Use in sentences:—The horror-struck citizens: a pitch-black night: a desperate sortie: a death-like stillness: a sickening suspicion: wading breast-high through the water: the happy mystery: to sally forth: a solemn procession: the starving and heroic city: in humble gratitude: too full for utterance: abruptly suspended.

3. Express more literally:—

- (a) "A long procession of lights was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night."
- (b) "The poor creatures had been living within the jaws of death."
- (c) "Justice moved at her usual Spanish rate in the present case."
- (d) "Feed a cold and starve a fever."
- (e) "Poverty sits by the cradle of all our great men, and rocks them up to manhood."

4. Make sentences to show that you understand the meanings of the following words:—

precise } vague } to frustrate } anguish } evident } axiom } upraid }
 exact } mysterious } to prevent } agony } obvious } maxim } censure }

5. Using the text as a model, write an account of "The Black Hole of Calcutta." Use the following notes:—

Surajah Dowlah, Nizam of Bengal, cruel and drunken : English grown rich at Calcutta : Dowlah took Calcutta : 146 English men and women in room twenty feet square : shut up all night : hot climate : 23 only survived : one a woman : Clive with 900 English and 500 sepoy's sailed from Madras : four months on the way : took Calcutta : after Plassey Dowlah put to death by Clive's native allies.

The Vision of Creation

THE light again brightens,—it is day ; and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea,—invertebrate, mayhap also ichthyic life ; but, from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale ; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens occupied in the previous vision by seething steam, or grey smoke-like fog, is clear and transparent ; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapour of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do clouds appear. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, they lie, thick and manifold,—an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like them too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A mighty advance has taken place in creation ; but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere,—of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends

for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

Yet again the light rises under a canopy of cloud; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef, formed mayhap by the Silurian or Old Red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday; and beats in long lines of foam, nearer at hand, against a low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely-spread country. For at the Divine command the land has arisen from the deep,—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though flat and marshy continents, little raised above the sea-level; and a yet further fiat has covered them with the great Carboniferous flora. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees,—of palms, and tree-ferns, and gigantic club-mosses, on the opener slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark rolling rivers. There is deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky overhead: as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it wears on and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and

enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east,—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens,—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their food; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas, or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters: they heave their huge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a “seething pot or cauldron.” Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life; and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends,—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation.

Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature,—the lion, the leopard, and the bear,—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank.

At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow,—the morrow of God's rest,—that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, "blessed and sanctified" beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over *it* no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old, to

The Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos;

and rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.

HUGH MILLER.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. This is an imaginative and poetic account of the story of creation contained in the first and second chapters of the book "Genesis."

2. Find the meaning of:— Invertebrate: ichthyic: undulations: stratum: seething: firmament: optical: insulated: Silurian: zoophytes: carboniferous flora: dank: luminary: zenith: species: sublime panorama: chaos: militates against: fiat.

3. Use in sentences:— In the higher strata of the atmosphere: the most conspicuous optical sign: a canopy of cloud: mighty forests of cone-bearing trees: great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes: the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before: a garb of brighter green: shedding its mild radiance on land and sea: reed-covered swamps: thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening: unerring instinct: amid the young herbage of the woods: the squat hippopotamus: amid tangled thickets: the sublime panorama of creation.

4. Supply appropriate nouns, then use in sentences:—

Comparative: atmospheric: seething: invisible: tepid: transparent: optical: insulated: extensive: carboniferous: dank: unclouded: gigantic: discordant: monstrous: massive: squat: tangled: responsible: moral: final: sublime.

5. "The waves *dance* and *sparkle* in the light": "Low thick mists *creep* along."

Find from the text other examples in which words are used in a figurative sense.

6. Imagine a traveller visiting a tropical country and setting out on successive days to study:—

(a) The atmospheric conditions.

(b) The vegetable life.

(c) The brute creation.

(d) The natives.

Write in imaginative prose an account of each day's observations. You may use the actual words of the text if they serve your purpose. *E.g.* "The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon," etc.: "There are great pine woods, reed-covered swamps," etc.

The Spider and the Bee

UPON the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite number of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human

bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to this castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below ; when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went, where, walking out a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel ; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook.

The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he had at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end ; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst.

At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other

by sight), "Is it you," said he, "with a vengeance, that have made this litter here; could not you look before you? Do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?" "Good words, friend," said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll; "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, towards the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest, and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully pre-determined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas

I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden, but whatever I collect thence enriches myself without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woeful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this: whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a

lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding, and engendering on itself, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

"Battle of the Books."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Swift, "the greatest genius of his age," was a master of controversy, and this extract brings out some of his chief characteristics, *e.g.* vigour, clearness, almost savage wit, and great skill in marshalling arguments.

2. Notice the following points:—

(a) How the imagery is sustained: the spider's castle, the citadel, the fortress.

(b) The sarcasm in paragraph 3 about "the true spirit of controversy," and the bitterness of the mutual revilings on the part of the spider and the bee.

(c) The vividness given to the narrative by the use of dialogue. The effect would be much feebler if the story were told in the third person throughout.

3. Use the following idiomatic phrases in sentences:—

To sally out: to alight upon: to yield to: to sink down: to force one's passage: to issue forth: to meet one's fate: to be at one's wit's end: to cast one's eye upon: to give one's word: to break an old custom: to stir abroad: to spend one's substance: to do anyone a favour: to take warning: to bring home.

4. Express the following in the form of indirect speech:—

(a) "Is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here; could not you look before you? Do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?"

(b) "I pray have patience, or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, towards the repair of your house."

(c) "Not to disparage myself by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe?"

- (d) "I am glad to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music."

5. Imagine that a dispute arises between a snail and a worm in a garden. Using the text as a model give an account of the quarrel. First make a plan and jot down the various points each animal will mention, *e.g.* the snail may boast of his shell and despise the worm for his lack of a covering.

The Black Douglas

ROXBURGH was a very large castle, situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, join each other. Being within five or six miles of England, the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally eager to obtain possession of it. I will tell you how it was taken.

It was upon the night of what is called Shrove-tide, a holiday which Roman Catholics paid great respect to, and solemnized with much gaiety and feasting. Most of the garrison of Roxburgh castle were drinking and carousing, but still they had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack; for as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neighbourhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.

An Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms; and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the wall, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they

were. "Pooh, pooh," said the soldier, "it is Farmer such-a-one's cattle" (naming a man whose farm lay near to the castle); "the good man is keeping a jolly Shrove-tide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence." Now these creeping objects which they saw from the castle wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armour, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near the foot of the castle wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. You must know that the name of Douglas had become so terrible to the English, that the women used to frighten their children with it, and would say to them when they behaved ill, that they "would make the Black Douglas take them." And this soldier's wife was singing to her child—

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

"You are not so sure of that," said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about, standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time, another Scotsman was seen ascending the walls, near to the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm, and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance; but Simon parried the stroke, and closing with the sentinel, struck him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots

followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I dare say she made no more songs about the Black Douglas.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Tales of a Grandfather."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the extract aloud, and observe the easy flowing style.

2. "An Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms; and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle." Notice in this short passage the following ways of combining sentences:— (a) Apposition: "the wife of one of the officers." (b) Adverbial phrase: "with her child in her arms." (c) Participial phrase: "looking out on the fields below." One common way of combining sentences is by the use of relative pronouns. Combine the following so as to produce a passage which reads smoothly:—

James I. of Scotland avoided his father's failing of profusion. He had no hoarded treasures to employ on pomp and show. He rather fell into the opposite fault. He was of a temper too parsimonious. He loved state and display. He endeavoured to gratify that taste as economically as possible. Hence he has been censured as rather close and covetous.

3. Use in sentences:— Solemnized with much gaiety and feasting: drinking and carousing: like a herd of cattle: a jolly Shrove-tide: likely to rue his negligence: a heavy hand with an iron glove: a tall, swarthy, strong man: to give the alarm: to parry a stroke: a deadly blow: closing with the sentinel: to be desirous of: to pay respect to: to behave ill.

4. Using the text as a model expand the following into a narrative account of one of Bruce's adventures. Supply a title to your narrative.

A trusted near relation of Bruce's induced by English bribes to put him to death: this villain, with his two sons, sought opportunity to slay him: Bruce separated from his men: attended only by a page and armed only with a sword, though the page had a bow and arrow: Bruce took his page's weapon and sent him away: conversation between Bruce and the three traitors: the fight and triumph of Bruce.

The Death of Harold

AND now in the centre of the enclosure—lo, before the eyes of the Normans, towers proudly aloft, and shines in the rays of the westering sun, brodered with gold, and, blazing with mystic gems, the standard of England's King! And there are gathered the reserve of the English host; there, the heroes who had never yet known defeat—unwearied they by the battle—vigorous, high-hearted still; and round them the breastworks were thicker, and stronger, and higher, and fastened by chains to pillars of wood and staves of iron, with the waggons and carts of the baggage, and piled logs of timber—barricades at which even William paused aghast, and Odo stifled an exclamation that became not a priestly lip.

Before that standard, in the front of the men, stood Gurth, and Leofwine, and Haco, and Harold, the last leaning for rest upon his axe, for he was sorely wounded in many places, and the blood oozed through the links of his mail.

Live, Harold; live yet, and Saxon England shall not die!

The English archers had at no time been numerous; most of them had served with the vanguard, and the shafts of those within the ramparts were spent; so that the foe had time to pause and to breathe. The Norman arrows meanwhile flew fast and thick, but William noted to his grief that they struck against the tall breastworks and barricades, and so failed in the slaughter they should inflict.

He mused a moment, and sent one of his knights to

call to him three of the chiefs of the archers. They were soon at the side of his destrier.

"See ye not, *maladroits*," said the Duke, "that your shafts and bolts fall harmless on those ozier walls? Shoot in the air: let the arrow fall perpendicular on those within—fall as the vengeance of the saints falls—direct from heaven! Give me thy bow, Archer,—thus." He drew the bow as he sat on his steed, the arrow flashed up, and descended in the heart of the reserve, within a few feet of the standard.

"So; that standard be your mark," said the Duke, giving back the bow.

The archers withdrew. The order circulated through their bands, and in a few moments more down came the iron rain. It took the English host as by surprise, piercing hide cap, and even iron helm; and in the very surprise that made them instinctively look up—death came.

A dull groan as from many hearts boomed from the entrenchments on the Norman ear.

"Now," said William, "they must either use their shields to guard their heads—and their axes are useless—or while they smite with the axe they fall by the shaft. On now to the ramparts. I see my crown already resting on yonder standard!"

Yet despite all, the English bear up; the thickness of the palisades, the comparative smallness of the last enclosure, more easily therefore manned and maintained by the small force of the survivors, defy other weapons than those of the bow. Every Norman who attempts to scale the breastwork is slain on the instant, and his body cast forth under the hoofs of the baffled steeds. The sun sinks near and nearer towards the red horizon.

“Courage!” cries the voice of Harold, “hold but till nightfall, and ye are saved. Courage and freedom.”

“Harold and Holy Crosse!” is the answer.

Still foiled, William again resolves to hazard his fatal stratagem. He marked that quarter of the enclosure which was most remote from the chief point of attack—most remote from the provident watch of Harold, whose cheering voice, ever and anon, he recognised amidst the hurtling clamour. In this quarter the palisades were the weakest, and the ground the least elevated; but it was guarded by men on whose skill with axe and shield Harold placed the firmest reliance—the Anglo-Danes of his old East-Anglian earldom. Thither, then, the Duke advanced a chosen column of his heavy-armed foot, tutored especially by himself in the rehearsals of his favourite *ruse*, and accompanied by a band of archers; while at the same time, he himself, with his brother Odo, headed a considerable company of knights under the son of the great Roger de Beaumont, to gain the contiguous level heights on which now stretches the little town of “Battle;” there to watch and aid the manœuvre. The foot column advanced to the appointed spot, and after a short, close, and terrible conflict, succeeded in making a wide breach in the breastwork.

But that temporary success only animates yet more the exertions of the beleaguered defenders, and swarming round the breach, and pouring through it, line after line of the foe drop beneath their axes. The column of the heavy armed Normans fall back down the slopes—they give way—they turn in disorder—they retreat—they fly; but the archers stand firm, midway on the descent—those archers seem an easy prey to the English—the temptation is irresistible. Long galled, and harassed, and maddened by

the shafts, the Anglo-Danes rush forth at the heels of the Norman swordsmen, and sweeping down to exterminate the archers, the breach that they leave gapes wide.

"Forward," cries William, and he gallops towards the breach.

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying around him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

"Close shields! Hold fast!" shouts his kingly voice.

Before him were the steeds of Bruse and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears;—Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his axe, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered in twain by the King's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Bruse. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sward.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The son of Sweyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head," cries the fatal voice of Haco to the King.

At that cry the King raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his stride? Why drops the axe from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death shaft. It smote the lifted face; it crushed into the dauntless eyeball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several yards, at the foot of his gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft, and left the barb, quivering in the anguish.

Gurth knelt over him.

"Fight on," gasped the King, "conceal my death, Holy Crosse! England to the rescue! woe—woe!"

Rallying himself a moment, he sprang to his feet, clenched his right hand, and fell once more,—a corpse.

At the same moment a simultaneous rush of horsemen towards the standard bore back a line of Saxons, and covered the body of the King with heaps of the slain.

LORD LYTTON.

“Harold.”

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud and notice the following points:—

- (a) The strength and vigour appropriate to the description of a battle scene.
- (b) The idea of rapidity given by the use of short sentences and the use of the dash for punctuation. *E.g.* “They give way—they turn in disorder—they retreat—they fly.” “On rush the Norman Knights.”
- (c) The frequent change from past to present tense and *vice versa*, making the picture more vivid. *E.g.* “Why halts his stride? Why drops the axe from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death shaft.”
- (d) The choice of stirring and picturesque words. *E.g.* The standard *blazing* with *mystic gems*: down came the *iron rain*: the *baffled steeds*: the *hurtling clamour*: long *galled*, and *harassed*, and *maddened* by the shafts: the *hissing death shaft*.
- (e) The frequent use of Inversion as a device for obtaining emphasis. Point out examples of this.

2. What is meant by:—Breastworks: aghast ramparts: vanguard: destrier: maladroits: ozier: spent: entrenchments: stratagem: provident: hurtling: palisades: tutored: ruse: contiguous: manœuvre: beleaguered: breach: galled: exterminate: sward: barb: simultaneous.

3. Express the following in a more emphatic and vigorous way:—

- (a) The Norman knights rush on.
- (b) Although he was foiled William resolves to hazard his fatal stratagem.
- (c) The column of the heavy-armed Normans fall back down the slopes. Then they give way. Then they turn in disorder. After that they retreat. Finally they fly.
- (d) His kingly voice shouts “Close shields! Hold fast!”

(e) He rallied himself a moment, then he sprang to his feet, clenched his right hand, and fell once more,—dead.

4. Express in other words the same sense :—

- (a) There were barricades at which even William paused aghast.
- (b) The shafts of the English archers within the ramparts were spent.
- (c) A dull groan as from many hearts boomed from the entrenchments on the Norman ear.
- (d) Still foiled, William again resolves to hazard his fatal stratagem.
- (e) The Duke advanced a chosen column of his heavy-armed foot, tutored especially by himself in the rehearsals of his favourite ruse.

5. Write a description of a battle from the following outline, using the text as a model :—

- (a) Two kings with their armies drawn up in battle array.
- (b) The onset of the attacking force.
- (c) The kings encourage their troops.
- (d) The rout of the defending army.
- (e) The death of the King.
- (f) The contrast between the victors and the defeated.

II.—DESCRIPTION

Farmer George

KING GEORGE'S household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the King kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the Princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame Thielke brought the Royal nightcap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner and cackled over their tea. The King had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the ante-room; or the King and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the King holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the King never failed to take his enormous cocked hat off, and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the King rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple-dumplings; to all sorts of

people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told.

Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject incog., the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such Royal splendour. He used to give a guinea sometimes: sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money: often ask a man a hundred questions: about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an enclosure of money, and a note written by the Royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George.

One day, when the King and Queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folk—and patted the little white head. "Whose little boy are you?" asks the Windsor uniform. "I am the King's beefeater's little boy," replied the child. On which the King said, "Then kneel down, and kiss the Queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beefeater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty King ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot.

George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the King walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the housemaid with her pail, who was scrubbing the doorstep; ran upstairs and woke all the equerries in

their bedrooms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, "Yes, your Majesty." "Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzzay!" After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast.

Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true hearty old English gentleman.

W. M. THACKERAY.

"The Four Georges."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice that the language is simple and direct. Thackeray tries to portray human nature as it is, and in this passage he gives us a playful portrait of King George III., called "Farmer George," because he was like a farmer in dress, manners, and tastes.

2. Notice the following points:—

(a) Most of the sentences are short.

(b) The language is very simple; there is no gorgeous word-painting—compare the passage "North and South" (p. 85).

(c) There is a genial playfulness running all through the extract. The very choice of words shows that the author is not giving us a picture of a dignified sovereign: *e.g.* his *enormous cocked hat*: *poked* his red face: old George: the *thrifty* King: *trotted down* to the bridge: "let us have a huzzay!"

3. Find from your dictionary the meanings of the following:—frugal, equerries, cackled, backgammon, prosaic, incog., beefeater, intellectual gratification, kickshaws.

4. From the description given in the text, write an account of the character of the King.

5. Write an essay on "An Ideal King," using some such

headings as the following:—(a) Personal appearance. (b) Mental and moral qualities. (c) Duties. (d) Responsibilities. (e) Amusements. (f) Home life. (g) Public life.

6. Use the following in sentences:—

Stupid to a degree: I shudder to contemplate: the equerries and women in waiting: the concert over: a more prosaic life than this: the caliph's magnificence: an enclosure of money: on the spot: a dozen of louts: with fond pleasure: a true hearty old English gentleman.

7. Write a description of the character of King George III. Prepare an outline first from historical books and use the hints given below:—

Good Points:—A good man of business: sensible: great strength of will: an excellent husband: hard-working: frugal: pious: anxious to rule in accordance with his people's wishes: simple tastes: brave: honest.

Bad Points:—Obstinate: ignorant of books: not a very good judge of character: did not know when to yield: narrow-minded.

N.B.—See Macaulay's Essay: "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham."

The Storm

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and blew hard.

But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm, like showers of steel; and, at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church tower, and flung into a bye-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still, there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the

flat country adjacent to Yarmouth ; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea ; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam ; afraid of falling slates and tiles ; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings ; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back. Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering one to another ; ship-owners, excited and uneasy ; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces ; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at

their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed into valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and build-ings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"David Copperfield."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud, and notice how easy and flowing the style is.

2. Observe the following points:—

(a) The *vividness* and accuracy of the description.

(b) The careful choice of words. *E.g.* *murky* confusion: the *wild* moon: *sweeping* gusts of rain: *mighty* wind: *streaming* hair: a *cluster* of people: *congregating* about the inn-yard: *showered* salt rain upon us, etc.

3. Find suitable similes for the following:—

(a) The clouds flying across the sky. (b) The wind gathering strength. (c) The waves lashing the shore. (d) The sweeping gusts of rain. (e) A cluster of people in the market-place. (f) The trees torn out of the earth. (g) The street strewn with sand.

4. Write a description of a storm from the following outline :—

- (a) The gathering darkness—the clouds.
- (b) The rising wind—sound increasing—havoc wrought.
- (c) The pelting rain—the roaring waves.
- (d) The terror-stricken men, women, and children.
- (e) The flooding of the surrounding flat country.
- (f) The scene on the beach.

5. Write a short description of the launching of a lifeboat to go out to a ship in distress.

6. Make a list of appropriate adjectives which may be used with the following nouns :—

The clouds : the moon : the wind : the waves : the rain : the sky : the trees : the sea : sailors : children : valleys.

Spring

1.

SUCH a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect.

TENNYSON.

2. IN SPRING-TIME

THE ways are green with the gladdening sheen
Of the young year's fairest daughter.
O the shadows that fleet o'er the springing wheat !
O the magic of running water !
The spirit of spring is in everything,
The banners of spring are streaming ;
We march to a tune from the fifes of June,
And life's a dream worth dreaming.

W. E. HENLEY.

3. SPRING IN ENGLAND

OH to be in England,
Now that April's there !
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,
In England—now.
And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush. He sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !

ROBERT BROWNING.

4. THE COMING OF SPRING

FROM the moist meadow to the withered hill
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs ;
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance. . . .

At once arrayed
In all the colours of the flushing year
By nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air

With lavished fragrance ; while the promised fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 drops,
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk.

J. THOMSON.

5. EARLY SPRING

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drowned in yonder living blue,
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their sky
 To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

LORD TENNYSON.

6. SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

7. MORNING SONG

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise !
Arise ! arise !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

8. BREATHINGS OF SPRING

WHAT wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices in the woods,
 And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute:
 Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
 The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
 Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
 E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous leaves,
 Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
 Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
 When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
 And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
 Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
 Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
 Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
 Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
 Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
 Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
 Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
 Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
 And pencilling the wood anemone:
 Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
 Glows with mute poesy.

F. HEMANS.

9. SPRING FLOWERS

Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength ; bold oxlips and
 The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EXERCISES.

1. Read each extract aloud. Notice that the descriptions give evidence of careful and accurate observation, as well as imagination and fancy.

2. In extract 4, point out examples of :—

- (a) Alliteration. *E.g.* "The moist meadow, the vivid verdure."
- (b) Metaphor. *E.g.* "The town buried in smoke."

3. Express more literally :—

- (a) "The bright morning-star, day's harbinger, comes dancing from the east."
- (b) "Drowned in yonder living blue the lark becomes a sightless song."
- (c) "May, from her green lap, throws the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."
- (d) "Winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes."
- (e) "All nature smiles on this fair morn."

4. Express more poetically :—

- (a) The songs of many birds are heard in the wood.
- (b) The gentle wind blows through the wood and causes the leaves to shake.
- (c) In winter time all nature seems colourless, but in spring time there is colour everywhere.
- (d) Spring sunshine and spring rains make the flowers grow.
- (e) The lark loves to fly high up into the air singing all the time.
- (f) A pleasant perfume rises from the flowers in the garden.

5. In extract 6, point out any passages which show the poet's close observation of nature.

6. Explain in your own words:— The *withered* hill: the hawthorn *whitens*: the *juicy* groves: the *flushing* year: the garden *glows*: the *liberal* air: the *trembling* drop: the *verdant* maze of sweet-briar hedges: brushwood sheaf: every maze of quick *burgeons*: day's harbinger: the cuckoo's viewless flute: chalice flowers: *pencilling* the wood-anemone.

7. Point out any examples you can of sound echoing sense in the language of the poems. *E.g.* "The cuckoo's viewless flute."

8. Study extract 8. Make a short prose summary of each stanza; then write a prose account of "Spring, the Awakener!"

9. Write a short composition on "Spring flowers," naming a few typical ones and describing them tersely in a few carefully chosen words. Note, in the text, how Shakespeare has achieved this by the use of single adjectives—violets *dim*; *pale* primroses; *bold* oxlips.

10. Read through all the extracts in this section and make notes from which you can afterwards draw up an outline essay on "A Spring Walk."

In the Desert

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm,—and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again.

The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done,

and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword.

No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia.

Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flame has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice.

A. W. KINGLAKE.
"Eothen."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud, and note the following:—

- (a) The simplicity of the words chosen.
- (b) The vividness of the picture: the endless sands: newly-reared hills: he strides overhead: your Arabs moan: your skin glows: your lank shadow: the redness of flames: burning with blushes.
- (c) The use of repetition. *E.g.* Sand, sand, sand, etc.: your Arabs moan, etc.: time labours on, conquering time marches on: comes blushing, yet still comes on, etc.

2. Use the following idiomatic phrases in sentences:—

To make for: to pass over: to pass through: to look to: to strike one's tent: to stand at one's side: to look upon: to labour on: to throw a shadow: to cling to: to pitch one's tent.

3. Describe a journey in the interior of the desert particularly with reference to the sun. (a) In the early morning. (b) At noon-day. (c) At sunset.

4. Write in the past tense "The earth is so samely . . . flaming sword." What effect has the change of tense produced?

5. Write a description of the full moon shining on an encampment of Arabs in the desert.

6. Write a few lines describing:—

- (a) The vast stretches of sand in the interior of the desert.
- (b) The effects produced by the scorching rays of the sun.
- (c) Pitching one's tent at the close of the day.

7. Express in other words the same sense:—

- (a) The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs.
- (b) By the sun you know the measure of the work you have done.
- (c) You know where the sun strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword.
- (d) Conquering time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven.
- (e) For his (the sun's) power is all veiled in his beauty.
- (f) And there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice.

8. The Sun is personified in this extract and referred to as "He." If we personify the following, which of them should we speak of as "She," and which as "He"?—

Peace: Time: War: Truth: Sleep: Joy: Moon: Liberty:
Death: Love: Night: Faith: Hope: Charity: Earth:
Nature.

Write one sentence for each word.

Grass

GATHER a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute quietly its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship, made, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven,—and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes, or good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow forth but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in these words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rest in noonday heat,—the joy of herds and flocks,—the power of all shepherd life and meditation,—the life of sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust. Pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly

hills, thymy slopes of down, overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, crisp lawns, all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices,—all these are summed in those simple words ; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land, though still as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more ; yet we have it but in part. Go out in the spring-time among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians, and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free ; and as you follow the winding mountain path, beneath arching boughs, all veiled with blossom—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines ; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, “He maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.”

J. RUSKIN.

“Modern Painters.”

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud slowly, and notice in this magnificent word-picture the rhythm, and the musical and poetical character of the words used, *e.g.* :—

“Narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green,” “a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid,” “scented citron, burdened vine,” “the covering of the dark ground by that

glorious enamel," "peaceful spears," "the walks by silent, scented paths," etc.

2. Observe the following points:—

- (a) Ruskin is seen in this passage, as in all his writings, as a great moral teacher.
- (b) The use made of quotations from the English Bible. *E.g.* "Only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven": "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."
- (c) He makes frequent use of alliteration. *E.g.* "Narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green," "feeble and flaccid," "stately palm and pine," "scented citron," "follow forth," "silent, scented paths," "pastures beside the pacing brooks," "the blue line of lifted sea," "dim with early dew."

3. Use the following in sentences:—

A very little strength and a very little tallness: not a perfect point neither: by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced: the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears: the life of sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks: soft banks and knolls of lowly hills: thymy slopes of down: we may not measure to the full: mingled with the taller gentians: all veiled with blossom.

4. Express the following passages in the words of the text:—

- (a) It seems as if there is nothing there which is particularly good or beautiful.
- (b) All the delights of spring and summer are in these words.
There are the walks by quiet, sweet-smelling paths.
There is the rest in the mid-day heat. There is the joy of flocks and herds.
- (c) The grass grows there freely and it is deep. The grass grows among the white narcissus and the tall gentians.
- (d) The blades of grass are not very strong and not very tall, and do not seem to be a very good example of Nature's work.

5. Supply other appropriate adjectives which might be used with the following nouns:— *Creditable* example: *flaccid* stalk: *gorgeous* flowers: *stately* palm: *strong* oak: *scented* citron: *burdened* vine: *glorious* enamel: *peaceful* spears: *silent* paths: *emerald* streaks: *scorching* dust: *soft* banks: *lowly* hills: *thymy* slopes: *crisp* lawns: *peculiar* joy: *winding* path: *arching* boughs: *new-mown* heaps: *long* inlets.

6. Express more emphatically (Refer to the text):—

- (a) Judge whether there is any flower, of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, which is so deeply

loved by man, and so highly graced by God, as that narrow point of feeble green.

(b) It fulfils its mission well.

(c) Think of all that is summed up in those simple words "the fields." There are pastures beside the pacing brooks. There are soft banks and knolls of lowly hills. There are thymyslopes of down which are overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea. There are crisp lawns which are dinted by happy feet.

(d) The depth of this heavenly gift in our own land cannot be measured fully by us.

7. Write short descriptions of:—

(a) The grass-covered slopes of a mountain.

(b) A single blade of grass.

Summer

1. A DAY IN JUNE

AND what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur or see it glisten ;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.
Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by.
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

2. A SUMMER DAY

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
 All chequered was the sky,
 Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
 Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.
 The wind had no more strength than this,
 That leisurely it blew,
 To make one leaf the next to kiss
 That closely by it grew.

M. DRAYTON.

3. A SUMMER AFTERNOON

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
 Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
 When the north wind congregates in crowds
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds
 From the horizon—and the stainless sky
 Opens beyond them like eternity.
 All things rejoiced beneath the sun ; the weeds,
 The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds ;
 The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze
 And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

P. B. SHELLEY.

4. DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from
 her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround
 her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can ; till
 Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out
 of the sky, and holds sharp, uninterrupted empire from

his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth.

Now, the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural inns. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drunk it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence.

Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots, and shoes, and trees by the road-side, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school.

Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings for "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust.

Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them.

Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their

helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

LEIGH HUNT.

EXERCISES.

1. Read each extract aloud slowly. Notice that extract No. 1 is throbbing with life, and abounds in beautiful images. *E.g.* "Every clod feels a stir of might, and climbs to a soul in grass and flowers": "the buttercup catches the sun in its chalice": "and lets his illumined being o'errun with the deluge of summer it receives": "warmed with the new wine of the year."

2. A. Express more literally the following passages from Extract 1.

- (a) "Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct . . . grass and flowers."
- (b) "The little bird sits . . . it receives."
- (c) "Now is the high-tide . . . creek and bay."
- (d) "And hark! how clear . . . lusty crowing."

B. Using the ideas and vocabulary of this extract write an account of "A Day in June."

3. (a) In Extract No. 2 notice the beautiful simile. "Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn veiled heaven's most glorious eye," and also the expressive metaphor "to kiss." Write sentences containing a metaphor and a simile for each of the following:—The dawn: the sky: the clouds: the wind: the leaves.

(b) Write a few lines in poetical prose describing "A Summer Day."

4. (a) Notice in Extract No. 3 the following:—"The floating mountains of the silver clouds": "the stainless sky": "glanced." Find nouns with which the following adjectives may be used metaphorically:—Golden: leaden: weary: fiery: cool: proud: bitter: swift.

(b) Write a short descriptive passage on "A Summer Afternoon": the wind: the clouds: the trees: the flowers: the streams.

5. (a) In Extract No. 4 point out what you consider the humorous passages.

(b) Use in sentences:—To issue from: to call up: to come forth: to resort to: to hold up: to call for: to wince at: to

bathe in: to let down: to throw open: to leave off: to lay the dust.

6. Write a composition on "The Beauties of an English Summer." Make a plan before you begin to write, and make use of the ideas contained in the extracts on Summer.

7. Establish a comparison between the season of Summer and Early Manhood.

Primroses

How boldly that superb ash-tree, with its fine silver bark, rises from the bank, and what a fine entrance it makes with the holly beside it, which also deserves to be called a tree! But here we are in the copse. Ah! only one-half of the underwood was cut last year, and the other is at its full growth: hazel, briar, woodbine, bramble, forming one impenetrable thicket, and almost uniting with the lower branches of the elms, and oaks, and beeches, which rise at regular distances overhead. No foot can penetrate that dense and thorny entanglement; but there is a walk all round by the side of the wide sloping bank, walk and bank and copse carpeted with primroses, whose fresh and balmy odour impregnates the very air. Oh, how exquisitely beautiful; and it is not the primroses only, those gems of flowers, but the natural mosaic of which they form a part: that network of ground ivy with its lilac blossoms and the subdued tint of its purplish leaves, those rich mosses, those enamelled wild hyacinths, those spotted arums, and above all, those wreaths of ivy linking all those flowers together with chains of leaves more beautiful than blossoms, whose white veins seem swelling amidst the deep green or splendid brown—it is the whole earth that is so beautiful! Never surely were primroses

so richly set, and never did primroses better deserve such a setting. There they are of their own lovely yellow, the hue to which they have given a name, the exact tint of the butterfly that overhangs them (the first I have seen this year! can spring really be coming at last?)—sprinkled here and there with tufts of a reddish purple, and others of the purest white, as some accident of soil affects that strange and inscrutable operation of nature, the colouring of flowers. Oh, how fragrant they are, and how pleasant it is to sit in this sheltered copse, listening to the fine creaking of the wind among the branches, the most unearthly of sounds, with this gay tapestry under our feet, and the wood-pigeons flitting from tree to tree, and mixing the deep note of love with the elemental music!

Yes! spring is coming. Wood-pigeons, butterflies, and sweet flowers, all give tokens of the sweetest of the seasons. Spring is coming. The hazel stalks are swelling and putting forth their pale tassels, the satin palms with their honeyed odours are out on the willow, and the last lingering winter berries are dropping from the hawthorn, and making way for the bright and blossomy leaves.

M. R. MITFORD.

"Our Village."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud.
2. Notice the following points:—
 - (a) The simplicity of the language.
 - (b) The close observation of nature, especially of colour. *E.g.* lilac blossoms of the ground ivy: the subdued tint of its purplish leaves: spotted arums: white veins: the pale tassels of the hazel stalks: fine silver bark.
 - (c) "Walk and bank and copse carpeted with primroses:" "whose fresh and balmy odour impregnates the very air:" "those enamelled wild hyacinths:" with this gay tapestry under our feet: the satin palms with their honeyed odours: the bright and blossomy leaves.

3. Make a list of the trees, shrubs and flowers mentioned in this passage: then select some of the important words such as:—copse, impenetrable, carpeted, penetrate, impregnates, mosaic, etc.: then write a description of “A Copse in Spring.”

4. Supply other suitable adjectives in place of the following:—*superb* ash-tree: *fine* entrance: *impenetrable* thicket: *regular* distances: *sloping* bank: *balmy* odour: *natural* mosaic: *purplish* leaves: *rich* mosses: *white* veins: *exact* tint: *inscrutable* operation: *gay* tapestry: *deep* note: *pale* tassels: *honeyed* odours: *sweet* flowers.

5. Express more emphatically (Refer to the text):—

- (a) Primroses were surely never so richly set.
- (b) The primroses are very fragrant, and it is very pleasant to sit in this sheltered copse.
- (c) The wood-pigeons, the butterflies, and the sweet flowers, all give signs of the sweetest of the seasons.
- (d) It is not only the primroses, which are gems of flowers, but the natural mosaic of which they form a part.
- (e) Nobody can pass through that dense and thorny entanglement.

6. Describe with special reference to colour the flower beds in one of the London parks on a day in June. Note:—brilliant colours: gorgeous hues: delicate tints: a tinge of blue, etc.

A Sunday in London

IN a preceding paper I have spoken of an English Sunday in the country, and its tranquillizing effect upon the landscape; but where is its sacred influence more strikingly apparent than in the very heart of that great Babel, London? On this sacred day, the gigantic monster is charmed into repose. The intolerable din and struggle of the week are at an end. The shops are shut. The fires of forges and manufactories are extinguished; and the sun, no longer obscured by murky clouds of smoke, pours down a sober, yellow radiance into the quiet streets. The few pedestrians we meet, instead of hurrying forward with

anxious countenances, move leisurely along ; their brows are smoothed from the wrinkles of business and care ; they have put on their Sunday looks, and Sunday manners, with their Sunday clothes, and are cleansed in mind as well as in person.

And now the melodious clangour of bells from church towers summons their several flocks to the fold. Forth issues from his mansion the family of the decent tradesman, the small children in the advance ; then the citizen and his comely spouse, followed by the grown-up daughters, with small morocco-bound prayer-books laid in the folds of their pocket-handkerchiefs. The housemaid looks after them from the window, admiring the finery of the family, and receiving, perhaps, a nod and a smile from her young mistresses, at whose toilet she has assisted.

Now rumbles along the carriage of some magnate of the city, peradventure an alderman or a sheriff ; and now the patter of many feet announces a procession of charity scholars, in uniforms of antique cut, and each with a prayer-book under his arm.

The ringing of bells is at an end ; the rumbling of the carriage has ceased ; the pattering of feet is heard no more ; the flocks are folded in ancient churches, cramped up in by-lanes and corners of the crowded city, where the vigilant beadle keeps watch, like the shepherd's dog, round the threshold of the sanctuary. For a time everything is hushed ; but soon is heard the deep, pervading sound of the organ, rolling and vibrating through the empty lanes and courts ; and the sweet chanting of the choir making them resound with melody and praise. Never have I been more sensible of the sanctifying effect of church music, than when I have heard it thus poured forth, like a river of joy, through the inmost recesses of this great metropolis,

elevating it, as it were, from all the sordid pollutions of the week ; and bearing the poor world-worn soul on a tide of triumphant harmony to heaven.

The morning service is at an end. The streets are again alive with the congregations returning to their homes, but soon again relapse into silence. Now comes on the Sunday dinner, which, to the city tradesman, is a meal of some importance. There is more leisure for social enjoyment at the board. Members of the family can now gather together, who are separated by the laborious occupations of the week. A schoolboy may be permitted on that day to come to the paternal home ; an old friend of the family takes his accustomed Sunday seat at the board, tells over his well-known stories, and rejoices young and old with his well-known jokes.

On Sunday afternoon the city pours forth its legions to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the sunshine of the parks and rural environs. Satirists may say what they please about the rural enjoyments of a London citizen on Sunday, but to me there is something delightful in beholding the poor prisoner of the crowded and dusty city enabled thus to come forth once a week and throw himself upon the green bosom of nature. He is like a child restored to the mother's breast ; and they who first spread out these noble parks and magnificent pleasure-grounds which surround this huge metropolis, have done at least as much for its health and morality, as if they had expended the amount of cost in hospitals, prisons, and penitentiaries.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud, and notice the sense of rest and peace given by the description. Observe that the sentences are short and that frequent use is made of the semicolon. The use of the present tense adds vividness to the scenes described.

2. Use in sentences of your own:—the sun, obscured by murky clouds of smoke: cleansed in mind as well as in person: the melodious clangour of bells from church towers: in uniforms of antique cut: the vigilant beadle: the threshold of the sanctuary: the sanctifying effect of church music: to relapse into silence: the laborious occupations of the week: to enjoy the sunshine of the parks and rural environs: the green bosom of nature: this huge metropolis.

3. "In the very *heart* of London:" "the *flocks* are *folded* in ancient churches:" "bearing the poor *world-worn* soul on a *tide of triumphant harmony* to heaven."

Find other examples of figurative language in this passage, and express them more literally.

4. Find phrases having nearly the same meaning as the following, then use the phrases in sentences:—

The gigantic monster: the intolerable din: obscured by murky clouds of smoke: the melodious clangour of bells: in uniforms of antique cut: the inmost recesses of this great metropolis: the paternal home: rural environs.

5. Make a summary of the chief points mentioned in this extract, then rewrite it from memory.

6. Using the text as a model, write a description of "An English Sunday in the Country." Think over the subject and make a plan. *E.g.*:—

(a) Nature at the particular season.

(b) The old village church and churchyard: the parsonage: the stile, and the footpath leading from the churchyard across pleasant fields and along shady hedgerows.

(c) The church bells.

(d) The country folk on their way to church: the little groups outside after the service.

(e) The quiet of Sunday evening: the peasantry in their Sunday clothes gathered about the cottage doors.

Autumn

1. TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twin'd flowers ;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozaings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Aye, where are they ?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. KEATS.

2. AUTUMN

I SAW old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn ;
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stored
The sweets of summer in their luscious cells ;
The swallows all have winged across the main ;
But here the autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.

Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,

Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,
 Like a dim picture of the drowned past
 In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,
 Doubtful what ghostly things will steal the last
 Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

T. HOOD.

3. AUTUMN

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying;
 And the year
 On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
 Is lying.
 The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
 For the year;
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
 To his dwelling.
 Come, Months, come away;
 Put on white, black, and grey;
 Let your light sisters play;
 Ye, follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

P. B. SHELLEY.

4. THE AUTUMN BREEZE

THERE comes, from yonder height,
 A soft repining sound,
 Where forest-leaves are bright,
 And fall like flakes of light,
 To the ground.

It is the Autumn breeze
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

W. CULLEN BRYANT.

5. AUTUMN

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

EXERCISES.

1. Read each extract aloud slowly.
2. Make notes on each verse in Extract No. 1, to help you in writing an account of "Nature in Autumn."
3. Compare Extracts Nos. 1 and 2, and notice that a strain of melancholy runs through the latter, and the words seem to echo the sense, *e.g.*: "Whilst all the withered world looks drearily, like a dim picture of the drowned past. In the hushed mind's

mysterious far away." Study the following: "like silence listening to silence: Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright with tangled gossamer that fell by night, *Pearling* his coronet of golden corn": "gloats": "brimmed": "winged": "a love-rosary": "the drowned past": "steal."

4. (a) Point out in Extract No. 2 examples of: Personification, Alliteration, Simile, Metaphor.

(b) Using the ideas and vocabulary in this extract, write in the present tense a descriptive passage on "Autumn."

(c) Compare Extracts Nos. 1 and 2, say which you prefer, and give reasons for your preference.

(d) Express more poetically;—

(i.) The bees have filled their cells with honey,

(ii.) The ants have filled their storehouses with ripe corn.

(iii.) The swallows have flown away across the sea.

(iv.) The squirrel looks with pleasure on the store he has provided.

(v.) The woods seemed as though they contained no birds.

5. (a) Supply appropriate adjectives to be used with the following nouns, then form sentences:—

Earth: valleys: hills: moon: trunks: sparrow: buds: rain: forests: dawn.

(b) "The bleak wind is wailing. Make sentences modelled on this, with the following nouns:—

Wind: storm: evening: mountains: hail: thunder: birds: trees: insects: tempest.

6. Study Extract No. 4, then write in prose a short description of "An Autumn Breeze."

7. (a) Extract No. 5 is a sonnet. Give a definition of this term, and mention some English poets who are famous for their sonnets. Learn this passage by heart. Notice how well the central idea is sustained:—heralded by the rain: thy royal hand outstretched: thy shield: thine almoner.

(b) Point out examples of Metaphor, Simile, Apostrophe, Inversion, Alliteration.

(c) Write a few lines to show that you understand the following:—

(i.) Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne, Upon thy bridge of gold.

(ii.) Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves.

(iii.) Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves.

(iv.) Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand.

- (d) Supply words having nearly the same meaning as the following:— heralded: incessant: stately: wain: imperial: royal: benedictions: vast: domain: prayers: ovation: scatter.
- (e) Write in the third person the substance of the sonnet.

North and South

THE charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge, but I have never yet seen any one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between northern and southern countries. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fulness.

We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind.

Let us for a moment try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun: here and there an angry spot of thunder, a grey stain of storm moving upon the burning field, and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes; but for the most part a great peacefulness of light, Syria and

Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plummy palm, that abate with their grey-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand.

Then let us pass further towards the north, until we see the orient colours change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in grey swirls of rain-cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands: and then, farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amid the northern seas, beaten by storm, and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, deathlike, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight.

And, having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life: the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sands of the southern zone; striped zebras and spotted leopards,

glistening serpents, and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of colour, and swiftness of motion, with the frost-cramped strength, and shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of paradise with the osprey; and then submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest in the statutes of the land that gave him birth. Let us watch him with reverence as he sets side by side the burning gems, and smooths with soft sculpture the jasper pillars, that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky: but not with less reverence let us stand by him, when with rough strength and hurried stroke he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall, instinct with work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea; creations of ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and change-ful as the clouds that shade them.

JOHN RUSKIN.

"The Stones of Venice."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice how the writer brings out the contrast between north and south, making the words an echo to the sense:—the south all sunshine, warmth, and languor; the north, cold, grey, and strenuous. Explain by what devices this effect has been produced.

2. Notice the following comparisons:—

(a) Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue.

(b) The wall of ice, durable like iron.

(c) Instinct with work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea.

(d) Creations fierce as the winds that beat, and changeful as the clouds that shade them.

8. Study the following passages in their context :—

That variegated mosaic of the world's surface : as they lean upon the sirocco wind : an angry spot of thunder : a grey stain of storm : plummy palm : the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand : flaky veils of the mist of the brooks : the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness : the zoned iris of the earth : the burning gems : heavens into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall.

4. Contrast in more detail the various creatures referred to in the passage "The multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures . . . the bird of paradise with the osprey."

5. Select two countries, one in the far north, and the other in the tropical regions, and using the text as a model, contrast them with reference to : (a) Physical features. (b) Climate. (c) Animal and vegetable life.

6. Use the comparisons given in Exercise 2 in connections other than those employed by the author.

7. Make sentences containing appropriate comparisons for the following :—

A multitude of pillars : a receding tide : the human body : a sentinel : a lonely mountain peak.

8. Make a list of the prominent words in each of the five paragraphs, then with the help of these lists, rewrite each paragraph from memory.

9. Name words opposite in meaning to the following :—

Transparent, captivity, optimism, extravagance, benedictions, deficit, prosaic, profound, temporary, transient, emigrant, rancid, abhor, enrich.

Winter

1. THE COMING OF WINTER

THE preludings of winter are as beautiful as those of the spring. In a grey December day, when, as the farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numbed fingers will let fall

doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes, the snowdrops ~~or the~~ anemones that harbinger his more assured reign. Now, and now only, may be seen, heaped on the horizon's eastern edge, those "blue clouds" from forth which Shakespeare says that Mars "doth pluck the masoned turrets." Sometimes also, when the sun is low, you will see a single cloud trailing a flurry of snow along the southern hills in a wavering fringe of purple. And when at last the real snow-storm comes, it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival, compared with which, indeed, they seem soiled and vulgar.

And what is there in nature so beautiful as the next morning after such confusion of the elements? Night has no silence like this of a busy day. All the batteries of noise are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed; whatever was stiff has been sweetly rounded; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendour, as if nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it. It is

"The fanned snow

That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er; . . .

Winnowed and packed by the Sclavonian winds,"—

packed so hard sometimes on hill-slopes that it will bear your weight. What grace is in all the curves, as if every one of them had been swept by that inspired thumb of Phidias's journeyman.*

J. R. LOWELL.

* Phidias was one of the greatest sculptors of ancient Greece.

2. A HARD WINTER

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests ; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick ; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold :
Alas then for the homeless beggar old !

P. B. SHELLEY.

3. FROST

LOUD rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief ;
The heifer lows ; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night :
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair,

Where transient hues, and fancied figures, rise ;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
And by the frost refined the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.

JAMES THOMSON.

4. WINTER SONG

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit !

Tu-who !—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit !

Tu-who !—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

5. A WINTER SCENE

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her love
 Upon a wintry bough;
 The frozen wind crept on above,
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
 No flower upon the ground,
 And little motion in the air
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.

P. B. SHELLEY.

EXERCISES.

1. Read each extract aloud slowly. Say what is meant by the following in Extract No. 4:—The shepherd blows his nail: ways be foul: Joan doth keel the pot: coughing drowns the parson's saw: roasted crabs hiss in the bowl.

2. Using the vocabulary of Extract No. 2, write a short vigorous passage on "Now winter is here."

3. Write in prose the substance of Extract No. 5.

4. Study Extract No. 3. Think over the title and jot down other ideas that occur to you, *e.g.*, the cattle in the fields, the children of the poor, insect life, the bare woods, etc. Arrange your ideas in order, then write a composition on "Winter, a cruel Monarch."

5. (A) Read Extract No. 3 carefully, then write a few lines to show that you understand the following:—

- (a) The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen.
- (b) The early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.
- (c) It freezes on,
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous.

(B) Select from the extract ideas which will help you to write a composition on "A Hard Frost." First make a broad classification. *E.g.*, the effects of the frost on nature, animals, man; then group your ideas under the broad headings.

6. (a) Point out in Extract No. 1, parts which you think are beautiful.

(b) Make a few notes, then write the substance of the passage in prose.

A Prairie Fire

AFTER toiling for an hour, through a wide bottom of tall weeds and matted grass, I reached the grove—erected a small shed of boughs after the manner of the Indians, and lying down, was soon asleep, before a huge fire, which I built against the trunk of a fallen tree. I was awakened by the increasing violence of the gale. At times it sank into low wailings, and then would swell again, howling and whistling through the trees. After sitting by the fire for a short time, I again threw myself upon my pallet of dried grass, but could not sleep. There was something dismal and thrilling in the sound of the wind. At times, wild voices seemed shrieking through the woodland. It was in vain that I closed my eyes; a kind of superstitious feeling came over me, and, though I saw nothing, my ears drank in every sound. I gazed around in every direction, and sat with my hand on my gun-trigger, for my feelings were so wrought up that I momentarily expected to see an armed Indian start from behind each bush. At last I rose up, and sat by the fire. Suddenly, a swift gust swept through the grove, and whirled off sparks and cinders in every direction. In an instant fifty little fires shot their forked tongues in the air, and seemed to flicker with a momentary struggle for existence. There was scarcely time to note their birth before they

were creeping up in a tall tapering blaze, and leaping lightly along the tops of the scattered clumps of dried grass. In another moment they leaped forward into the prairie, and a waving line of brilliant flame quivered high up in the dark atmosphere.

Another gust came rushing along the ravine. It was announced by a distant moan; as it came nearer a cloud of dry leaves filled the air; the slender shrubs and saplings bent like weeds—dry branches snapped and crackled. The lofty forest trees writhed, and creaked, and groaned. The next instant the furious blast reached the flaming prairie. Myriads and myriads of bright embers were flung wildly in the air: flakes of blazing grass whirled like meteors through the sky. The flame spread into a vast sheet that swept over the prairie, bending forward, illumining the black waste which it had passed, and shedding a red light far down the deep vistas of the forest, though all beyond the blaze was of a pitchy blackness. The roaring flames drowned even the howling of the wind. At each succeeding blast they threw long pyramidal streams upwards in the black sky, then flared horizontally, and seemed to bound forward, lighting at each bound a new conflagration. Leap succeeded leap; the flames rushed on with a race-horse speed. The noise sounded like the roar of a stormy ocean, and the wild tumultuous billows of the flame were tossed about like a sea of fire. Directly in their course, and some distance out in the prairie, stood a large grove of oaks—the dry leaves still clinging to the branches. There was a red glare thrown upon them from the blazing flood. A moment passed, and a black smoke oozed from the nearest tree—the blaze roared among their branches, and shot up for one hundred feet in the air, waving as if in triumph.

The effect was transient. In a moment the fire had swept through a grove covering several acres. It sank again into the prairie, leaving the limbs of every tree scathed and scorched to an inky blackness, and shining with a bright crimson light between their branches. In this way the light conflagration swept over the landscape: every hill seemed to burn its own funeral pyre, and the scorching heat licked every blade in the hollows. A dark cloud of grey smoke, filled with burning embers, spread over the course of the flames, occasionally forming not ungraceful columns, which were almost instantly shattered by the wind, and driven in a thousand different directions.

For several hours the blaze continued to rage, and the whole horizon became girdled with a belt of living fire. As the circle extended the flames appeared smaller and smaller, until they looked like a slight golden thread drawn around the hills. They then must have been nearly ten miles distant. At length the blaze disappeared, although the purple light, that for hours illumined the night sky, told that the element was extending into other regions of the prairies.

It was sunrise when I rose from my resting-place and resumed my journey. What a change! All was waste. The sun had set upon a prairie still clothed in its natural garb of herbage. It rose upon a scene of desolation. Not a single weed—not a blade of grass was left. The tall grove, which at sunset was covered with withered foliage, now spread a labyrinth of scorched and naked branches—the very type of ruin. A thin covering of grey ashes was sprinkled upon the ground beneath, and several large dead trees, whose dried branches had caught and nourished the flame, were still blazing or sending up long spires of

smoke. In every direction, barrenness marked the track of the flames. It had even worked its course against the blast, hugging to the roots of tall grass.

The wind was still raging; cinders and ashes were drifting and whirling about in almost suffocating clouds, sometimes rendering it almost impossible to see for more than one or two hundred yards.

J. AUDUBON.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud, and notice how vividly the writer pictures the progress of the great fire.

2. Notice the following points:—

(a) The choice of graphic words: *e.g.* (i) in connection with the wind:—low wailings; howling and whistling: a swift gust: the furious blast: wild voices seemed shrieking through the woodland: (ii) in connection with the fire:—forked tongues: tall tapering blaze: a waving line of brilliant flame, etc.

(b) The use of simile, *e.g.*—

“Flakes of blazing grass whirled like meteors through the sky.” Find other examples.

(c) The use of metaphor: *e.g.* “My ears drank in every sound”: “a cloud of dry leaves filled the air.” Find other examples.

(d) The skilful variation in the length of the sentences.

3. Study the following in their context.

(a) The slender shrubs and saplings bent like weeds—dry branches snapped and crackled.

(b) The lofty forest trees writhed, and creaked, and groaned.

(c) The roaring flames drowned even the howling of the wind.

(d) Every hill seemed to burn its own funeral pyre.

(e) The whole horizon became girdled with a belt of living fire.

(f) Not a single weed—not a blade of grass was left.

(g) In every direction barrenness marked the track of the flames.

(4) Express the thoughts contained in the sentences in Exercise 3 in other words: give two ways for each.

5. Using the text as a model, describe a prairie fire under some such headings as the following:—

(a) A party of men making a fire against the trunk of a fallen tree.

(b) A swift gust of wind whirling off sparks and cinders.

(c) Successive gusts spreading the fire.

(d) The whole prairie ablaze.

(e) The fire gradually dying out.

(f) The desolate scene on the following day.

6. Describe the scene at a great fire in the heart of a large city—the outbreak—the arrival of the engines—the progress of the fire—the work of rescue—the crowd in the street—acts of heroism—the fire under control—the scene next morning.

The Alhambra by Moonlight

THE moon has gradually gained upon the night, and now rolls in full splendour above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron-trees are tipped with silver; the fountains sparkle in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

I have sat for hours at my window, inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the chequered fortunes of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight, when everything was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and in such a place? The temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that renders mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra, has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather-stain disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams;

the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

At such a time I have ascended to the little pavilion called the Queen's Toilette, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the tocador, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me; all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine.

Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of castañets from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda, at other times I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier serenading his lady's window; a gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the remote towns and villages of Spain. Such were the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steal away existence in a southern climate; and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud, and notice the following points:—
 - (a) The elegance and polish of the writing.

- (b) The felicity of phrase, *e.g.* "The orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountains sparkle in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible": "inhaling the sweetness of the garden."
- (c) The closeness and accuracy of observation shown in description, *e.g.* "To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined."

2. Find from your dictionary and encyclopædia information about the following:—The Alhambra: chequered fortunes: Andalusia: ethereal: colonnades: Sierra Nevada: the parapet of the tocador: Granada: castañets: Alameda: the dubious tones of a guitar: serenading: reverie: Lindaraxa.

3. Suggest words which might be used in the above passage instead of:—tempered: tipped: inhaling: chequered: elegant: ethereal: buoyancy: enchantment: mouldering: radiance: edifice: extensive: gleam: deep: faint: dubious: youthful: gallant: loitering: remote.

4. Describe the following, using appropriate metaphors: the moon: the garden: the fountains: the marble: the mountains: the clouds: the sky: the palaces.

5. Find from the text sentences containing words used in a figurative sense, *e.g.* My delight would be to gaze down upon Granada *all buried* in *deep* repose, and its white palaces and convents *sleeping* in the moonshine.

6. Using the text as a model, write a description of "Westminster Bridge by moonlight," using some such outline as the following:—

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------------|
| (a) The rising moon. | (b) The public buildings and houses. |
| (c) The river. | (d) The sounds heard. |

The Pilgrim's Progress.

IN every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favourite than "Jack the Giant-Killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest pinnacle of genius,—that things which are not should be as though they were,

—that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant arbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rush of many feet to and fro, are heard through the blackness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and British Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, and here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man with the bright vesture, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and my Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with

which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London.

MACAULAY.

Essay on Bunyan.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud.

2. Notice the following points :—

- (a) The *clearness* of the style. There is no need to read a sentence twice in order to grasp its meaning.
- (b) The graphic and picturesque summary here given of Bunyan's great book "The Pilgrim's Progress."
- (c) The skilful variation in the length of the sentences.
- (d) The indication (at the close of the extract) of Macaulay's range of reading and his marvellous memory.

3. Find from your dictionary the meanings of the following :—*declivity*, *sepulchre*, *arbour*, *doleful*, *discernible*, *humiliation*, *puppet-shows*, *delectable*, *briers*, *hobgoblins*, *ill-favoured*, *swarthy*, *timorous*, *allegorical*.

4. Find out the names of the two books referred to in the last sentence of the extract, and the names of the authors.

5. Read the extract through ; jot down a few words to guide you ; then describe Christian's journey from the wicket-gate to the land of Beulah.

6. Express in your own words the meaning of the following :—

- (a) "This is the highest miracle of genius,—that things which are not should be as though they were,—that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another."
- (b) "Hence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge."

7. Supply other appropriate adjectives to be used with the following nouns, and other nouns to be used with the given adjectives :—*desolate* swamp : *steep* hill : *pleasant* arbour : *doleful* voices : *noisome* smoke : *hideous* shapes : *mangled* bodies : *innumerable* multitudes : *horrible* castle : *soft* cushions : *golden* pavements : *bright* vesture.

8. Select a book that you know very well, then write a summary of it in the style of the text using the first person plural.

Old London Bridge

A STRANGE kind of bridge it was; huge and massive, and seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back, like that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at intervals, were stone bowers, bulking over the river, but open on the other side, and furnished with a semicircular bench. Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was all too narrow for the concourse upon it. Thousands of human beings were pouring over the bridge. But what chiefly struck my attention was a double row of carts and waggons, the generality drawn by horses as large as elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction, and not unfrequently brought to a stand-still. Oh the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the carters, and the grating of wheels upon the enormous stones that formed the pavement! In fact, there was a wild hurly-burly upon the bridge which nearly deafened me. But, if upon the bridge there was a confusion, below it there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide, which was fast ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of several feet, forming in the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters, and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth, foaming and frothing from their horrid wombs. Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there I stood still, close beside one of the stone bowers, in which, beside a fruit-stall, sat an old woman, with a pan of charcoal at her feet, and a book in her hand, in which she appeared to be reading intently. There

I stood, just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene! Towards the left bank of the river, a forest of masts, thick and close, as far as the eye could reach; spacious wharves, surmounted with gigantic edifices; and far away, Cæsar's Castle, with its White Tower. To the right, another forest of masts, and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up to the sky chimneys taller than Cleopatra's Needle—vomiting forth huge wreaths of that black smoke which forms the canopy—occasionally a gorgeous one—of the more than Babel city. Stretching before me, the troubled breast of the mighty river, and, immediately below, the main whirlpool of the Thames—the Mælstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grisly pool, which, with its superabundance of horror, fascinated me.

GEORGE BORROW.

"Lavengro."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice how by his choice of words the author has brought out vividly the idea of tumult and confusion both on the bridge and in the river, *e.g.* "Thousands of human beings were *pouring* over the bridge:" "a wild *hurly-burly* upon the bridge:" "a *confusion ten times confounded*:" "the *bellow* of the tremendous gulfs:" "*foaming* and *frothing*:" "the *troubled* breast of the mighty river."

2. Find from your dictionary the meanings of the following words:—Antiquity, balustrade: semicircular: concourse: generality: hurly-burly: frothing: intently: gigantic: edifices: vomiting: canopy: Mælstrom: bulwarks: grisly: superabundance: fascinate: maze.

3. Suggest other appropriate adjectives to be used with the following nouns:—*semicircular* bench: *enormous* stones: *wild* hurly-burly: *immense* piers: *spacious* wharves: *gigantic* edifices: *huge* wreaths: *black* smoke: *gorgeous* canopy: *troubled* breast: *mighty* river: *grisly* pool.

Suggest other nouns to which the adjectives given above may be applied, *e.g.* semicircular arch.

4. Write in the present tense the passage:—"A strange kind of bridge it was . . . as there were arches."

5. Write a description of London Bridge as it is to-day—the bridge itself—the streams of foot passengers—the various vehicles—the river traffic—the view from the bridge.

The Garden, and Flowers

1. GOD Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection.

FRANCIS BACON.

2. THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.

The fields between
 Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
 And all about the large lime feathers low,
 The lime a summer home of murmurous wings. . . .

All the land in flowery squares,
 Beneath a broad and equal blowing wind,
 Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud
 Grew downward: but all else of heaven was pure
 Up to the sun, and May from verge to verge,
 And May with me from head to heel.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

3. FLOWERS

EVERYWHERE about us they are glowing,
 Some like stars, to tell us spring is born ;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearings,
 And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
 In the centre of his brazen shield.

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
 On the mountain-top and by the brink
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
 Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

4. A FLOWER

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

5. LILIES

WE are lilies fair
The flower of virgin light ;
Nature held us forth and said,
“Lo, my thoughts of white!”

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands ;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

LEIGH HUNT.

6. DAFFODILS

DAFFODILS

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

7. THE SUNFLOWER

TALL Sunflower

Where got you your disk of yellow ?
“ From the golden sun that laughed as I leapt
To greet him king without fellow !
He passed, but his smile I kept.
Through storm and through shower—
A life-long dower.”

M. A. WOODS.

8. THE ROSE

ROSE, sweet Rose,
Why is your heart so red ?
“ From splendours shed
When the sky was aflame with the sunset light ;
The crimson paled, and the day was dead ;
But its lustre a rosebud knows,
Born that night.”

M. A. WOODS.

9. THE DAISY

I SEE thee glittering from afar ;—
And then thou art a pretty star
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee !

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee!

W. WORDSWORTH

10. MIGNONETTE

STRANGER, these little flowers are sweet
If you will leave them at your feet,
Enjoying, like yourself, the breeze,
And kissed by butterflies and bees;
But if you snap the fragile stem
The vilest thyme outvalues them.

W. S. LANDOR.

11. THE DANDELION

GOLD such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of Age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

J. R. LOWELL.

EXERCISES.

1. Read each extract aloud slowly.
2. Write about six lines developing the thought that "Gardening is the purest of human pleasures."
3. (a) In Extract 3 notice the wealth of metaphor. *E.g.* "Some

of the flowers have their blue eyes overflowing with tears." Make a list of the similes and metaphors.

(b) Make sentences containing metaphors for the following (*e.g.* the *golden* corn):— Spring: meadows: valleys: pools: homes: towers: flowers: buds.

4. Express in prose the substance of Extract No. 4.

5. Using the thoughts expressed in Extract No. 5, write a few lines on lilies as emblems of purity. Note their use in churches, and their association with angels in pictures.

6. Write in poetical prose a few lines expanding the ideas in Extract No. 7. Bring out the poet's idea that the sunflower got its colour from the smile of the passing sun.

7. Study Extract No. 8, then write in the first person a short description of how the rose got its colour.

8. In Extract No. 9 the poet compares the daisy with a star. Express the substance of this passage in prose, using the first person and the past tense.

9. (a) Study Extract No. 10, then write a few lines developing the poet's idea that flowers should not be plucked, but allowed to live their life where Nature placed them.

(b) "Kissed by butterflies and bees." Form other poetical phrases and use in sentences, *e.g.* "caressed by the gentle breezes," "fanned by cooling winds."

10. Write a few lines on each of the following:—

(a) The primrose as the harbinger of spring, carpeting the woods.

(b) The Violet as the emblem of humility.

(c) The Laurel as the symbol of victory.

(d) The Olive as the emblem of peace.

(e) The pleasure we derive from flowers.

(f) A nosegay of wild flowers.

(g) A walk in a flower garden early in the morning.

(h) A city without gardens.

Use any of the ideas or expressions found in the extracts given above.

Dorlcote Mill

A WIDE plain, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea; and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace. On this mighty tide the black ships—laden

with the fresh-scented fir-planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal—are borne along to the town of St. Ogg's, which shows its aged, fluted red roofs and the broad gables of the wharves between the low-wooded hill and the river brink, tinging the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun. Far away on each hand stretch the rich pastures, and the patches of dark earth, made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or touched already with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown corn. There is a remnant still of the last year's golden clusters of beehive ricks rising at intervals beyond the hedgerows; and everywhere the hedgerows are studded with trees: the distant ships seem to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed town the tributary Ripple flows with a lively current into the Floss. How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion while I wander along the bank and listen to its low, placid voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge.

And this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at—perhaps the chill damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast. The stream is brimful now, and lies high in this little withy plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full

stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water, and the booming of the mill, bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. And now there is the thunder of the huge covered waggon coming home with sacks of grain. That honest waggoner is thinking of his dinner getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses—the strong, submissive, meek-eyed beasts, who, I fancy, are looking mild reproach at him from between their blinkers, that he should crack his whip at them in that awful manner, as if they needed that hint! See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope towards the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home. Look at their grand shaggy feet that seem to grasp the firm earth, at the patient strength of their necks, bowed under the heavy collar, at the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hardly-earned feed of corn, and see them with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils in the muddy pond. Now they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered waggon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now I can turn my eyes towards the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets

of water. That little girl is watching it too; she has been standing on just the same spot at the edge of the water ever since I paused on the bridge. And that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in its movement. It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her; the red light shines out under the deepening grey of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge.

GEORGE ELIOT.

"The Mill on the Floss."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice the evidences of close observation of Nature, and the deep sympathy with the simple, homely things of life, *e.g.* the waggoner and his beasts, the little girl and her dog. Notice the number of compound words used in the description, *e.g.* fresh-scented, oil-bearing, broad-leaved, red-roofed, trimly-kept, tender-bladed, autumn-sown corn, etc.

2. Use in sentences of your own:—laden with the fresh-scented fir-planks: the red-roofed town: this little withy plantation: with all the more energy: the patient strength of their necks: the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches: with their moist necks freed from the harness: the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water.

3. Supply suitable compound adjectives to be used with the following nouns, then use in sentences:—

Ships: coal: pastures: sun: trees: town: river: elms: blast: mill: bridge: waggon: wheel: sky.

4. Form phrases similar to the following, then use in sentences:—"The rush of the water": "The booming of the mill": "The thunder of the huge covered waggon."

... the sea: ... the horses: ... the torrent: ... the setting sun: ... the scene: ... the breeze: ... the leaves: ... the wind: ... the birds: ... the brook: ... the landscape: ... the moon.

5. Continue this description of "Christmas" from "The Mill on the Floss":—"Fine old Christmas, with the snowy hair and ruddy face, had done his duty that year in the noblest fashion, and had set off his rich gifts of warmth and colour with all the heightening contrast of frost and snow."

OUTLINE NOTES.—Snow on the croft and river-bank: on every sloping roof: on the laurels and fir-trees: the rough turnip-field: the sheep: the gates: no gleam: no shadow: no sound or motion: the contrast between the indoor and the outdoor world: the decorations: the holly and mistletoe: the warm fragrance of food: the sunshine of familiar human faces.

The Maelstrom

JUST opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land, arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay-to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry, cross dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, is called, by the Norwegians, Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe! These are the true names of the places; but

why it has been thought necessary to name them at all, is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the chopping character of the ocean beneath us, was rapidly changing into a current, which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray;

but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice—half shriek, half roar—such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I, at length, to the old man—"this can be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelstrom."

E. A. POE.

"A Descent into the Maelstrom."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice how the sound echoes the sense, *e.g.* "a short, quick, angry, cross dashing of water in every direction": "lashed into ungovernable fury": "burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging . . . precipitous descents."

2. Use the following in sentences of your own:— in the teeth of the wind: in the immediate vicinity of the rocks: a loud and gradually increasing sound: another radical alteration: a broad belt of gleaming spray: the mighty cataract of Niagara: to its very base: the scant herbage.

3. "The interior of the funnel was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water." This is a metaphor. Express the following with a metaphor:—

- (a) The enemy took the town by force.
- (b) He died at an early age.
- (c) The aged priest saw his congregation coming out of the church.
- (d) Several dark rocks could be seen in the middle of the bay.
- (e) Experience helps us to act wisely and with caution.

(f) The shipwrecked sailor had given up all hope of being saved.

4. "I heard a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie." This is a simile. Express the following with a simile:—

(a) She watched anxiously for her lord's return.

(b) The billows swept the crew from the deck.

(c) The river flowed very swiftly to the sea.

(d) The waters sent forth to the winds an appalling voice.

(e) The boat made a sharp turn, and then shot off in its new direction.

(f) Before long the boat was skimming upon the surface of the surge.

5. Supply words which can be used to describe the following:—
c.g. in the text the waters are said to be "heaving, boiling, hissing, gyrating," etc.

(a) The noise of the waves.

(b) The sound of the wind in the trees.

(c) The noise of the waterfall.

(d) The sound of falling rain.

(e) The songs of birds in the trees.

6. Read an account of the falls of Niagara, then, using the text as a model, write a description of them.

III.—DIALOGUE

NOTE.—Read each extract aloud (preferably with some fellow-student) before attempting the exercises. Note that the use of Dialogue adds life and a sense of reality to the expression of ideas. It is not possible to give the same vividness by means of pure narrative. This may be realized by reading consecutively speeches reported first in the direct and then in the indirect form. In working the exercises in this section take care to let each character express his own mind and personality in such a way that he is easily differentiated from any other character.

The Indispensable

Cranmer. I wish to make a remark.

Ellesmere. Silence, silence, for half an hour. Mr. Cranmer wishes to make a remark.

Cranmer. This is too bad, Sir John. I am sure that for every word I utter in this good company you utter one hundred and seventy-six. Why should I occupy half an hour with a single remark?

Ellesmere. The calculation is exact. Have I not heard you say in the House, "I should wish to address a very few remarks to the House upon this subject," and has not your speech generally lasted for one hour and a half? Now, I take a "very few" to mean three: one remark of yours, therefore, if I do the sum rightly, will occupy half an hour.

Cranmer. Well, we shall see. I was going to say that one great merit of Milverton's mode of telling us this story is, that he never breaks off abruptly and leaves us in

suspense. If he brings his hero into trouble, he brings him out again, in the same portion of the narrative.

Now, I daresay you will all despise me, and think that I am a dull, prosaic being; but I must own that I do not care much for fiction. It does not amuse me. Laugh as much as you like, but I prefer a blue book to any novel. My daughters, however, make up for my want of imaginativeness, and they devour novels. You know these serial things: they are always reading them. Sometimes they rush up to me and exclaim, "Oh, papa, how I wish it was the beginning of next month!" Now you know when one comes to a certain age, one is not so anxious for it to be the beginning of next month, when it is only the second or third of this month. But young people think that they have such a large balance in the Bank of Life, that they can afford to draw upon it in the rashest manner.

Ellesmere. I declare that is a very pretty financial simile.

Cranmer. Thank you, Sir John; you are very encouraging. I have not exhausted my half-hour yet, and so I will proceed. Well, I venture to suggest to these dear daughters of mine that I am not so anxious for this rapid passing away of time, to which they reply, "But oh papa, he is in such difficulty; he must be killed. There is nobody near to save him." This "he" is some fellow in a novel.

Ellesmere. My dear Cranmer, I will restore peace and concord to your household. Teach your daughters the true doctrine of Indispensables.

Cranmer. What do you mean, Sir John, by Indispensables?

Ellesmere. Why, don't you know? They are the

fellows who, if you get rid of them at one part of the story, must reappear in another.

Now, Cranmer, you are to be a villain in a novel. I assure you it is a very creditable part to assign to you. I always like the villains best. They are the only business-like people in the concern. I will be the Indispensable.

Now try and get rid of me if you can. You stab me to the heart and leave me on the ground. I assure you it is of no use. An Indispensable's heart is quite differently placed from that of any other man. The desperate wound you gave me was in fact the best surgical treatment that could be devised for a slight internal complaint which I labour under; and you will find me as lively as ever in the third volume, and ready to unmask your wicked designs.

Or it is a dark, gusty night. We two are walking the deck alone. You politely edge me over the side of the vessel, and go to sleep in your hammock, feeling that you have done a good stroke of business. What do I do? The ship is only going nineteen knots an hour. I therefore easily swim to her, and secrete myself in the stays, or the main chains, or the shrouds, or the dead lights, or some of those mysterious places in a ship, which Sir Arthur knows all about. There I stick like a barnacle, and you carry me into port with you. I can tell you that when you are just about to make a most advantageous marriage, I shall put my head in at the church door, and say "Ha!" with a loud voice, and the whole affair will be broken off.

Or you poison me. Bless your heart, poison has no more effect upon my constitution than ginger beer—probably not so much.

You bury me. No: you don't. You don't bury *me*, but some intrusive fellow who has thrust himself in, to take my place; for an Indispensable has always about him obliging persons who do that kind of work for him.

Or you hurl me down from a cliff, 300 feet high, and go away thinking you have now really got rid of me for good and all. But, Mr. Villain, you are much mistaken. I, as an Indispensable, inevitably fall upon a sea-anemone, rather a large one, three feet square and two feet thick, very common, however, in that part of the coast.

The poor anemone is somewhat injured, and I am a little shaken; but I shall appear again at the right time, with my fatal "Ha!" and upset your marriage.

By the way, there is one thing which has never been tried upon the Indispensable. Take him to the House of Commons, Cranmer, and make him attend, for three nights following, from half-past six to nine.

The mixture of irritability and comatoseness which might thus be produced, would bring on what doctors call, at least Dr. Ellesmere does, an apoplectic paralysis.

And then you see, Cranmer, if you did not quite kill him, you could reduce him to idiotcy, which would be nearly as good for your purpose, and enable you to carry on your villainy undisturbed.

Oh, how I wish that good people in real life were as difficult to kill as Indispensables in fiction!

Sir Arthur. I am not so sure that I agree with Cranmer. I rather like to be kept in an agony of suspense, and I cannot praise Milverton for being so considerate to our feelings.

Ellesmere. Quite true. Praise is nearly always wrong.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

"Realmah."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the dialogue aloud with one of your school-fellows. Notice that it is full of wit and tilts good-humouredly against various little foibles.

2. Express in the form of indirect narration the passage:—"Now, I daresay you will all despise me . . . in the rashest manner."

3. Two friends are discussing in a light-hearted and humorous fashion the relative advantages and disadvantages of spending holidays in England and on the Continent. Invent names for the two speakers, and write out the dialogue you imagine to take place between them. First jot down the various points each speaker will deal with, *e.g.* the inconveniences of foreign travel, the frequent disappointment on seeing objects and places which do not come up to one's expectations; on the other hand, the restfulness of a quiet holiday in one's own country, the beauty of English scenery, and so on. You might let one speaker deal humorously with the boredom of some English seaside resorts, the sameness of the shops and the amusements, etc.

4. Two boy friends are taking a walk in the country. One is an enthusiast for football but cares very little for cricket; the other is devoted to cricket and knows all the details about the championship, the noted cricketers, etc. Write out a conversation between the two boys in which each maintains his preference and gently banter his friend. Do not begin to write until you have jotted down the points each boy will deal with. Treat the subject lightly and humorously.

Marcellus and Hannibal

M. Claudius Marcellus, in command of the Roman army, near Venusia, having fallen into an ambuscade of the Carthaginians and their allies, and been mortally wounded, expires in the presence of Hannibal: a Gaulish chieftain and a surgeon are in attendance.

Hannibal. Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus! He moves not—he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers—wide, forty paces—give him air—bring water—halt! Gather

those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood—unbrace his armour. Loose his helmet first—his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed on me—they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse? It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans too sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

Gaulish Chieftain. Execrable thief! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods hath overtaken the impure——

Hannibal. We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound for the Surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is.—The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me.—Send a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome—Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I would rejoice and cannot.—How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood—few other enter there. And what plain armour!

Gaulish Chieftain. My party slew him—indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain: it belongs to my king: the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it: rather would she lose her last man. We swear! we swear!

Hannibal. My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he

battered down, the breastplate he pierced with his sword, these he showed to the people and to the gods; hardly his wife and little children saw this, ere his horse wore it.

Gaulish Chieftain. Hear me, O Hannibal!

Hannibal. What! when Marcellus lies before me? When his life may perhaps be recalled? When I may lead him in triumph to Carthage? When Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me? Content thee! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

Gaulish Chieftain. For myself?

Hannibal. For thyself.

Gaulish Chieftain. And these rubies and emeralds and that scarlet——

Hannibal. Yes, yes.

Gaulish Chieftain. O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude—yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

Hannibal. In all treaties we fix the time: I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station—I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus! the triumph of Hannibal! what else has the world in it? only Rome and Carthage: these follow.

Surgeon. Hardly an hour of life is left.

Marcellus. I must die then! The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

Hannibal (To the Surgeon). Could not he bear a sea-voyage? Extract the arrow.

Surgeon. He expires that moment.

Marcellus. It pains me; extract it.

Hannibal. Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on

your countenance, and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

Marcellus. Hannibal, give me thy hand—thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Go, friend; others want thy aid; several fell around me.

Hannibal. Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready: let me take off this ring—try to write, to sign it at least. Oh! what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!

Marcellus. Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, “Marcellus, is this thy writing?”

Rome loses one man: she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

Hannibal. Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately too the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge; the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

Marcellus. Hannibal, thou art not dying.

Hannibal. What then? What mean you?

Marcellus. That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me. Mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest: this mantle oppresses me.

Hannibal. I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus. Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we

are then the most conscious that it may befall us. There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

Hannibal. What?

Marcellus. This body.

Hannibal. Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

Marcellus. I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said, This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

Hannibal. You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus. Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal. Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus. Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal. A few dying lie about—and let them lie—they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them—he appeared a Roman—a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

Marcellus. I have suppressed it long enough. My son—my beloved son!

Hannibal. Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus. He would have shared my fate—and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent, I render you, for the last time, thanks.

W. SAVAGE LANDOR.

“Imaginary Conversations.”

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud with some of your fellow-students and invest the chief characters with dignity by your rendering. Notice that this is not the style of ordinary conversation, being much more ornate and formal.

2. Express in the indirect form the speech of Marcellus, “Take it, Hannibal. It was given me . . . which is not at the disposal of either.”

3. What features in the characters of Hannibal and Marcellus are brought out in this passage? Illustrate your answer by quotations from the text.

4. Write out imaginary conversations between :—

(a) Hannibal and one of his captains after a glorious victory.

(b) Marcellus and his chief subordinate after a temporary retreat.

Try to bring out in the dialogues the ideas you have formed of the characters of Hannibal and Marcellus.

5. Write an imaginary conversation between two Roman soldiers who are watching a battle at a distance. Make use of short sentences in the style of the text, and bring out the idea of contrast between the characters of the two soldiers, the one craven, the other fearless.

Charles Surface sells his Ancestors

A Picture Room in CHARLES SURFACE'S House

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES,
and CARELESS.

[*Sir Oliver Surface is visiting his nephew, Charles, in the character of Mr. Premium, a broker.*]

Chas. Surf. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in—

here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliv. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Chas. Surf. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliv. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Chas. Surf. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Care. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Chas. Surf. That's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. [*Taking pedigree down.*] Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliv. What an unnatural rogue! [*Aside.*

Care. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed!—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

Chas. Surf. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him—there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir Oliv. [*Aside to Moses.*] Bid him speak.

Mos. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Chas. Surf. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds!—[*Aloud.*] Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Chas. Surf. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself!—[*Aloud.*] Five pounds ten—she's mine.

Chas. Surf. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs.—You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliv. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Chas. Surf. Well, take that couple for the same.

Mos. 'Tis a good bargain.

Chas. Surf. Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

Mos. Four guineas.

Chas. Surf. Four guineas! You don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliv. By all means.

Care. Gone!

Chas. Surf. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and, what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliv. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Care. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Chas. Surf. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliv. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Chas. Surf. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliv. They're mine.

Chas. Surf. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, anything to accommodate you;

they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliv. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Chas. Surf. What, that? Oh; that's my uncle Oliver! 'twas done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver! Then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliv. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Chas. Surf. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] The rogue's my nephew after all!—
[*Aloud.*] But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Chas. Surf. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] I forgive him everything!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Chas. Surf. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] How like his father the dog is!—
[*Aloud.*] Well, well, I have done.—[*Aside.*] I did not

perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance.—[*Aloud.*] Here is a draft for your sum.

Chas. Surf. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

Sir Oliv. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Chas. Surf. Zounds! no! I tell you, once more.

Sir Oliv. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

Chas. Surf. This is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliv. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Chas. Surf. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliv. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Chas. Surf. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliv. You're fixed on that?

Chas. Surf. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] A dear extravagant rogue!—[*Aloud.*] Good day!—Come, Moses.—[*Aside.*] Let me hear now who dares call him profligate! [Exit with MOSES.]

Chas. Surf. So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see, two-thirds of these five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.

[*Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.*]

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

“The School for Scandal.”

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud, dividing the characters among three fellow-students and yourself. Point out which you consider the most humorous passages and situations.

2. Write the impressions left on your mind as to the characters of Sir Oliver Surface and his nephew as portrayed by the dramatist. Illustrate by quotations from the text.

3. Two lads are caught robbing an orchard. The servant who catches them is a very stern man. The lads are brought before the owner of the orchard, who is a kind-hearted man and remembers well the days of his own boyhood. Invent names for these characters, then write in dramatic form an account of the incident. Try to bring out a difference in character between the two boys.

4. A party of Boy Scouts are in camp, say at Rottingdean, near Brighton, and are preparing a night attack on a neighbouring school camp. Give names to four or five of the leaders and write an account in dramatic form of the preparations and of the actual attack.

Lavengro and the Gipsy

I now wandered along the heath, till I came to a place where, beside a thick furze, sat a man, his eyes fixed intently on the red ball of the setting sun.

"That's not you, Jasper?"

"Indeed, brother!"

"I've not seen you for years."

"How should you, brother?"

"What brings you here?"

"The fight, brother."

"Where are the tents?"

"On the old spot, brother."

"Any news since we parted?"

"Two deaths, brother."

"Who are dead, Jasper?"

"Father and mother, brother."

"Where did they die?"

"Where they were sent, brother."

"And Mrs. Herne?"

"She's alive, brother."

"Where is she now?"

"In Yorkshire, brother."

"What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?" said I, as I sat down beside him.

"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing—When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think that is the end of man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so?—There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die——"

"You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. We'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

GEORGE BORROW.

"Lavengro."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the extract aloud and notice the contrast between the two ways of looking at Death. Notice also the extreme brevity of the speeches.

2. Learn by heart the passage "There's night and day, brother, . . . who would wish to die?"

3. A young man goes out to Canada and takes up Dairy Farming. He returns to the mother country after an absence of twelve years, during which time he has prospered and grown rich. Write a dialogue between him and his aged father, in which the younger man dwells on his early difficulties and hardships, while the father gives vent to his feelings of joy and pride in his son.

4. Select some fable you know well, *e.g.* "The Fox and the Crow," and write it in the form of a Dialogue.

A Talk with the Pasha

Pasha. The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

Dragoman (to the Traveller). The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveller. Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

Dragoman (to the Pasha). His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scornor of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies

to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

Traveller (to his Dragoman). What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere Cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say, that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified; and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise; and that I was a candidate for Boughton-Soldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy if my committee had not been bribed? I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth!

Dragoman. [Is silent].

Pasha. What says the friendly Lord of London? Is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karagholookoldour?

Dragoman (growing sulky and literal). This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head purveyor of Boughton-Soldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire—is recounting his achievements and the number of his titles.

Pasha. The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of heaven!

Dragoman (to the Traveller). The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveller. About Boughton-Soldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman empire. Tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the Throne¹ pledging England to maintain the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha). This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha. Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr!—all by wheels! whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the Dragoman). What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? He does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman. No, your Excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels and by steam.

Traveller. That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection. Tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand to the scene of action in a few hours.

Dragoman (recovering his temper and freedom of speech). His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish

¹ This was written in 1843.

or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers and brigades of artillery are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and, in the biting of a cartridge, they rise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha. I know it—I know all; the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling caldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to his Dragoman). I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures; just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

Pasha (after having received the communication of the Dragoman). The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman. The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

Traveller. The Pasha's right about the cutlery: I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel. Well (to the Dragoman), tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy,

but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the Pasha, that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip; and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises. Oh! and by the by, whilst you are about it, you may as well just say, at the end, that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yeoman.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman). It is true, it is true: through all Feringhistan the English are foremost and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the sons of newspapers, and the Greeks are the weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness: for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols; so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book; and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies—lies born of Greeks and nursed by Jews.

Dragoman. The Pasha compliments the English.

Traveller (rising). Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

Pasha (after hearing the *Dragoman*, and standing up on his divan). Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses, that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey. May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise! May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him; and the while that his enemies are abroad may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

Dragoman. The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.

So ends the visit.

A. W. KINGLAKE.

“*Eothen*.”

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice the delightful humour, and the skilful way in which the Pasha's love of exaggerated compliment is brought out. *Cf.* the salutation to Eastern monarchs, “O King, live for ever!”

2. Use in sentences:— To pay any one compliments: in strict disguise: a faithful retinue of followers: a mere Cockney: to maintain the integrity of the Sultan's dominions: the scene of action: the officers' swords: to entertain a high opinion of: our rural districts: an evident improvement; a truth-telling people: to furnish any one with horses: to be greatly obliged to any one for his hospitality: graven images.

3. Continue the above talk with the Pasha, dealing with the following points:—

(a) English farming.

(b) The bravery of English soldiers and sailors.

(c) English airships.

4. Write an imaginary conversation conducted by means of an interpreter between an Englishman and a Chinaman. Make a plan first setting out the points you will deal with. Introduce a little humour.

IV.—EPISTOLARY

Sir W. Scott to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq.

MUCH RESPECTED SIR,

Although I have not yet arrived at the reverend period of life which may put me once more on a level with yours, yet I find myself already better pleased to seek an auditor of your age who is usually contented to hear the same story repeated twenty times over, than to attempt instructing the more critical hearers among my contemporaries, who are apt to object to any tale twice told. It is, therefore, probable that had we been able to remain near to each other, I should have repeated to you many of the stories contained in this book more than once. But, since this has ceased to be the case, I have nothing remaining save to put them in this shape, in which you may read them as often as you have a mind.

I have in this little book imitated one with which you are well acquainted—I mean the collection of stories taken from the History of England, and which has been so deservedly popular.

As you, however, happen to be a person of quick study, and great penetration, it is my purpose to write a little work which may not only be useful to you at the age of five or six years, which I think may be about your worship's present period of life, but which may not be

beneath your attention, either for style or matter, at the graver term of eight or even ten years old. When, therefore, you find anything a little too hard for you to understand at this moment, you must consider that you will be better able to make out the sense a year or two afterwards: or perhaps you may make a great exertion, and get at the meaning, just as you might contrive to reach something placed upon a high shelf, by standing on your tiptoes, instead of waiting till you grow a little taller. Or who knows but papa will give you some assistance, and that will be the same as if he set you upon a stool that you might reach down what you wanted.

And so farewell, my dear Hugh Littlejohn. If you should grow wiser and better from what you read in this book, it will give great pleasure to your very affectionate Grandfather.

W. SCOTT.

NOTE.—The book referred to is Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the letter aloud. What is the meaning of the introductory passage. "Although I have . . . with yours?" "My contemporaries." Mention one or two writers who were contemporary with Sir W. Scott, who died in 1832.

2. What does the word "Auditor" mean in this letter? What other meaning has this word? What is meant by "a person of quick study, and great penetration?"

3. Imagine that a father has written a book entitled "Humble Heroes," and that he is sending a copy to his son aged twelve who is at a boarding-school. Write the letter which the father sends with the book.

Charles Dickens to His Youngest Son.

(The lad was leaving home to join his brother in Australia.)

September, 1868.

I WRITE this note to-day because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me, to think of now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been, and without that training you could have followed no other suitable occupation. What you have always wanted, until now, has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and to do it out of this determination; and I have never slackened in it since. Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour than that you should. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons, and with the very same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little

child. Because it is the best book that ever was, or will be, known in the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian Religion, as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the letter aloud. Notice the earnest and serious tone which pervades the whole passage, so appropriate to the occasion which called forth the letter.

2. Write the letter which you imagine the lad may have written in answer to the above. Write quite naturally as a boy would write in speaking to his father.

3. Write the letter from memory.

Matthew Arnold to his Sister

Cobham, Sunday, May 25, 1879.

MY DEAREST FAN,

Fanny Lucy is gone to church, and I am alone in the house. Geist finds me dull, and has begged me to let him out into the garden; now he has had his bark at the thrushes, and I hear him pattering upstairs to bed, his invariable resource when he is bored or sorrowful. The girls are at Harrow, as you know.

It has been a most beautiful day, and the foliage is almost all out, and now in a day or two we shall have the May and the chestnut blossom. I have never known the birds so rich and strong in their singing: I had two blackbirds and three thrushes running about together on the grass under my window as I was getting up yesterday morning, and a stock-dove has built her nest in the leaning ivied fir-tree which you will remember, between the house and the stables. So there is plenty of music, and the cuckoo comes in amidst it all. I am told by the natives that the nightingale used always to build in the shrubberies of the cottage, but she has given up that good habit; however, all round us the nightingales positively swarm. We dined at Effingham last night, and twice as we drove home the man stopped to call our attention to the chorus of nightingales. At one place, a thicket just before entering upon Effingham Common, they were almost maddeningly beautiful. It is a great loss to the North and the South-west of England not to have them; their extraordinary effectiveness is shown by even the poor people being so much interested about them, and always knowing their habits and their haunts. I should like to

have you here for the cowslips and the nightingales; and it really must be arranged next year, if we live. The effect of reading so much of Wordsworth lately has been to make me feel more keenly than usual the beauty of the common incidents of the natural year, and I am sure that is a good thing. . . . Now good-bye, my dearest Fan. How I wish we had you here with us!

Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

EXERCISES.

1. What indications do you find in this letter that it is a poet and a keen observer of Nature that is writing?
2. What does the writer mean by "the common incidents of the natural year"? Name one or two.
3. Write a letter to a friend describing a walk through the woods with your dog for company on a day in June.

Dr. Samuel Johnson to the Earl of Chesterfield

February 7, 1775.

MY LORD,

I have lately been informed, by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *'Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre'*; that I might obtain that regard for

which I saw the world contending ; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could ; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door ; during which time I have been pushing on my work, through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

²The shepherd in "Virgil" grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help ? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am ³solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less ; for I have been long awakened from that

dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord, your lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

NOTES.

The Earl of Chesterfield was one of the leading politicians of the reign of George II. While Johnson was poor and obscure, Chesterfield treated him with neglect, but as soon as Johnson became famous, the Earl wished to pose as his patron and to this end praised the Dictionary in two very flattering papers in the *World*. This letter is Johnson's answer to those papers.

1. "The conqueror of the conqueror of the world."
2. A reference to one of Virgil's Eclogues. "Now I know what Love is; not, as I expected to find him, a being who would sympathize with human passions and feelings, but a savage, a native of the rocks, and deriving his nature from theirs."
3. He had lost his wife to whom he was devoted.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the letter aloud.
2. Notice the following points :--
 - (a) The manly tone of the letter.
 - (b) The dignity of the style.
 - (c) The quiet severity of the reproof.
 - (d) The strong feeling of the writer.
 - (e) The use of irony, *e.g.*—
 - (i) "I never had a patron before," *i.e.* "if I had had a patron I should have been accustomed to such treatment."
 - (ii) "Is not a patron, my lord, . . . help?"
 - (f) The use of long, sonorous words. *E.g.* encumbers, cynical asperity, exultation. (This characteristic is not so pronounced here as in most other of Johnson's writings.)
 - (g) The use of balanced clauses. *E.g.* "had it been early, had been kind:" "I am indifferent . . . cannot enjoy it:" "I am solitary . . . cannot impart it:" "I am known . . . do not want it."
3. Give words nearly equivalent in meaning to:—informed, proprietor, enchantment, address, forbear, contending, modesty

retired, uncourtly, repulsed, unconcern, encumbers, solitary, cynical, asperity, obligation, conclude, exultation.

4. If Lord Chesterfield had replied to the above letter, write the answer he might have sent. (Read first the letter of Chesterfield's below.)

5. Write in your own words the following passages:—

(a) "I hope it is no cynical . . . for myself."

(b) "Having carried on . . . Sam Johnson."

6. Express in simpler language:—"There are men whose powers operate only at leisure and in retirement, and whose intellectual vigour deserts them in conversation; whom merriment confuses, and objection disconcerts; whose bashfulness restrains their exertion, and suffers them not to speak till the time of speaking is past; or whose attention to their own character makes them unwilling to utter at hazard what has not been considered, and cannot be recalled." (Johnson's Life of Dryden.)

7. Make a careful summary of the letter, then rewrite from your summary.

8. A "Loose" sentence is one in which the meaning and grammatical structure are complete at one or more points before the end of the sentence is reached, *e.g.* "The road to success lies through many a thorny course, across many a dreary stretch of desert land." A "Periodic" sentence is one in which the full meaning is suspended until the end of the sentence is reached, *e.g.* "His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible." Write out examples of each kind from the above letter, then change the sentences from the Loose to the Periodic form, and *vice versa*.

The Earl of Chesterfield to his Son

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, the result of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them. Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good-sense and good-nature (and I believe you have both), can

essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general; their cement and their security. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects: whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides "the Just," would be that of well-bred.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the extract aloud and compare it with Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield.
2. Notice the following points:—
 - (a) The smoothness of the passage produced by the use of long double sentences.

- (b) The frequent use of antithesis—the balance of sentences:
E.g. Good manners, particular societies . . . good morals, society in general: to enforce good morals . . . punish bad ones: the immoral man . . . the ill-bred man: mutual complaisances . . . civilized people, protection . . . kings and subjects.

3. Write three paragraphs in the style of the text to show that Good Breeding is the result of:—

- (a) Much good-sense.
 (b) Some good-nature.
 (c) A little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtaining the same indulgence from them.
4. Express in other words the same sense:—
 (a) “Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant.”
 (b) “Good-breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.”
 (c) “Good-breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears least.”
 (d) “Good-breeding is surface Christianity.”

Thomas Carlyle to a Young Man

As to the books which you, whom I know so little of, should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to *keep* reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson’s is also good and universally applicable: Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and a curiosity to read. The very wish and curiosity indicates that you then and there are the person likely to get good of it. “Our wishes are presentments of our capabilities:” that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men. Among all the objects that

look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You will gradually by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones) discover what is for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest; what is your true element and province, and be able to abide by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here also you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for, but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for, we should resolutely avoid. It is very true. And flimsy, "desultory" readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial, *false* desire after spiceries and confectioneries for the real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other will I say. All *books* are properly the *record* of the history of past men. What *thoughts* past men had in them; what actions past men did; the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named *history* can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books; the preliminary of all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country: everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully, innumerable inquiries, with due indications, will branch out from it; he has a broad beaten highway from which all the country is more

or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions, of which every man in his studies and elsewhere falls into many, discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by *finding* that we were wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right; he will grow daily more and more so. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant *falling*: a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement. It is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not by books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier; silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and be your aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things; wisely, valiantly, can *do* what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the letter aloud.

2. Find from your dictionary the meanings of the following words:—Strenuously: applicable: presentments: capabilities: fitful: monition: discriminate: flimsy: desultory: superficial:

specifically: basis: preliminary: emblematic: tacitly: chagrins: sphere: withal.

3. What was Dr. Johnson's advice about the reading of books? What illustrations does Carlyle give of this advice?

4. (a) What reasons does Carlyle give for his recommendation of the reading of books on History?

(b) What does he say is "emblematic of all things a man does"?

(c) How does a man "become in all points a man"?

5. Make a summary of the advice given in the letter, then expand the summary in your own words.

6. Write short paragraphs on:—

(a) The kind of books you like.

(b) The evils of reading trashy books.

(c) The benefits of reading books on History.

(d) "A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading."

V.—ORATORY AND RHETORICAL PROSE

Reply of Lord Chatham when attacked by Walpole

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice seems to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remainder of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.

A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or of a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please the gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample on all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. The heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence on public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud slowly and deliberately. Notice that as the speaker is replying to an attack made upon him, the language is strong and great warmth of feeling is shown.

2. Study the following points:—

(a) The use of antithesis: *E.g.* Advanced in age . . . receded from virtue: more wicked . . . less temptation.

(b) The use of irony: *E.g.* "The atrocious crime of being a young man": "with such spirit and decency": "however matured by age or modelled by experience": "one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment."

3. Express the substance of this speech in less ornate and less passionate language. Write in the third person.

4. Supply synonyms for the following. (Synonyms are words which have the same or almost the same meaning.)

Atrocious: to palliate: follies: reproach: contemptible: to subside: obstinacy: stupidity: to abhor: ruin: to confute: mien: to mature: to restrain: privilege: ardour: censure: to suppress: aggressor: to partake of.

5. A speaker has to defend himself against the following charges:—

(a) That he has been dilatory in the discharge of his public duties.

(b) That the expenditure in his department has been abnormally high.

(c) That he has not been strictly impartial in dealing with his subordinates.

Give the speech replying to these charges.

7. Make a *précis* of the given speech. Rewrite from your *précis*, then compare with the original.

Marie Antoinette

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the

elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers.

I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched.

EDMUND BURKE.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud and observe how the author gives emphasis to the expression of his thoughts:—

(a) By the use of Inversion: *E.g.* "Little did I dream, etc." :

“never, never more shall we behold, etc.”: “surely never lighted on this orb, etc.”

- (b) By the use of Exclamation: *E.g.* “Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart, etc.”
- (c) By the use of Repetition: *E.g.* “Little did I dream . . . ; little did I dream, etc.”: “never, never more, etc.”: “a nation of gallant men . . . a nation, etc.”
- (d) By grouping together phrases and clauses of similar construction: *E.g.* “That generous loyalty . . . that proud submission . . . that dignified obedience, etc.”: “which felt a strain . . . which inspired courage . . . which ennobled, etc.”
- (e) By the skilful choice of words: *E.g.* “Never *lighted on this orb*”: “glittering like the morning star”: “the sharp antidote against disgrace”: *generous* loyalty: *proud* submission: *dignified* obedience: the unbought grace of life.

2. Find the meanings of the following words and phrases, and use them in sentences of your own:—Dauphiness, veneration, antidote, cavaliers, chivalry, sophisters, economists, calculators, sensibility of principle, chastity of honour, mitigated ferocity.

3. Express the following in a more emphatic way:—

- (a) He said that fame was a wretched thing after all.
- (b) The best monument that a man can leave behind him is his good name.
- (c) There was never such a wonder-working tool as a pen since Aaron's rod went out of practice, or even before it.
- (d) I can speak little of this great world.
- (e) Men who were covered with iron from head to foot, men who were armed with ponderous lances, and men who were mounted on horses of the largest breed, were considered as composing the strength of an army.
- (f) Queen Elizabeth's benefits were given, they were not sold, and when they were once given they were not withdrawn. She gave them too with a frankness, with an effusion of heart, with a princely dignity, with a motherly tenderness, which enhanced their value.

4. Write in the style of the text an account of the feelings aroused in the mind of an eye-witness of the execution of Charles I.

War

WHAT, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say, thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them: she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then?

Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.

T. CARLYLE.
"Sartor Resartus."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the extract aloud. Notice :—
 - (a) The clever and dramatic way in which the author answers his opening question.
 - (b) The sentences are for the most part short, frequent use being made of the colon and semicolon.
 - (c) The use of the interrogative form for emphasis, *e.g.* Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest!
 - (d) In making his point, the author ignores anything that can be said in justification of war.
2. Form sentences to show that you appreciate the meanings of the following words :—

Toil : labour : work : travail.
 Enemy : antagonist : adversary : opponent.
 Select : pick : choose : elect.
 Cunning : crafty : artful : sly : subtle : wily.
 Craftsman : artisan : mechanic : artificer : workman.
3. Write a few paragraphs on "Gambling" to prove that it is not a necessary accompaniment of sport; or on "Hunting" dealing only with the unfavourable side of it.

Wit

It is a beautiful thing to observe the boundaries which nature has affixed to the ridiculous, and to notice how soon it is swallowed up by the more illustrious feelings of our minds. Where is the heart so hard that could bear to see the awkward resources and contrivances of the poor turned into ridicule? Who could laugh at the fractured, ruined body of a soldier? Who is so wicked as to amuse

himself with the infirmities of extreme old age? or to find subject for humour in the weakness of a perishing, dissolving body? Who is there that does not feel himself disposed to overlook the little peculiarities of the truly great and wise, and to throw a veil over that ridicule which they have redeemed by the magnitude of their talents, and the splendour of their virtues? Who ever thinks of turning into ridicule our great and ardent hope of a world to come?

Whenever the man of humour meddles with these things, he is astonished to find that in all the great feelings of their nature the mass of mankind always think and act aright; that they are ready enough to laugh—but that they are quite as ready to drive away with indignation and contempt the light fool who comes with the feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth, and to beat down the Temples of God!

I have talked of the *danger* of wit; I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they *are* dangerous; wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it

is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something much better than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.

There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men, than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavour of the mind*! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."

SYDNEY SMITH.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. This noble passage was written by a man who was a great master of wit. Notice the wealth of figurative language, the clearness of thought, the felicity of phrasing. *E.g.* "extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief."

2. Use in sentences:—illustrious: contrivances: infirmities: peculiarities: ardent: mediocrity: incompatible: judicious: irretrievably: benevolence: principle: reluctant: pangs: morality: dignity.

3. Point out examples of:—

(a) Simile.

(b) Metaphor. *E.g.* "who comes with the feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth."

(c) Hyperbole. *E.g.* "ten thousand times better than wit."

(d) Antithesis. *E.g.* "he has as much wit . . . irretrievably ruined."

(e) Repetition.

4. Find where the quotation in the last line occurs.

5. Write in your own words:—

(a) When wit is not to be used.

(b) Some of the effects of wit upon the different characters of men.

6. Write a short rhetorical passage on "Laughter." Its use and abuse: the world without laughter.

NOTE.—(a) "Laughter, holding both his sides" (Milton).

(b) "Laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species" (Leigh Hunt).

(c) "Laughter is the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man" (Carlyle).

Traces of the Ocean

WAS it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze, as it crept through the neighbouring wood? Oh, that hoarse voice of Ocean, never silent since time first began!—where has it not been uttered? There is stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where no spring rises and no streamlet flows, and the long caravan plies its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. It is his sands that the winds heap up; and it is the skeleton remains of his vassals—shells, and fish, and the strong coral—that the rocks underneath enclose. There is silence on the tall mountain-peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labour to inhale

the thin bleak air,—where no insect murmurs and no bird flies,—and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hill-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. The elegies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist-wreath; and his later beaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes.

Where has the great destroyer not been,—the devourer of continents,—the blue foaming dragon, whose vocation it is to eat up the land? His ice-floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia and the rocky flanks of Schehallion, and his nummulites and fish lie embedded in great stones of the pyramids hewn in the times of the old Pharaohs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon still untouched by the tool. So long as Ocean exists, there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths to awaken no more,—and should the sea still continue to impel its currents and to roll its waves—every continent and island would at length disappear, and again, as of old, “when the fountains of the great deep were broken up,”

“A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe.”

HUGH MILLER.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud slowly.

2. Say what is meant by:—Arid, caravan, vassals, denizens, vocation, steppes, flanks, nummulites, elegies, folds, disintegration, dilapidation, elevatory agencies.

3. Find examples in this passage of:— Rhetorical question, exclamation, metaphor, repetition, apposition.

4. Express in other words the same sense:—

(a) "The long caravan plies its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand."

(b) "The elegies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist-wreath."

(c) "His ice floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia and the rocky flanks of Schehallion."

(d) "So long as Ocean exists, there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change."

5. "The low moan of the breeze": "The hoarse voice of Ocean." Form ten other phrases dealing with the sights and sounds of Nature, then use the phrases in sentences.

6. Write a short rhetorical passage on "Winds," dealing with the work they do. Make a plan first containing the chief points to be dealt with, *e.g.* winds as denuding agents, as purifiers of the atmosphere, as assistants in the fertilization of plants, etc.

Britain's Mission

ENGLAND is not so many square roods of land, but a nation whose people are united in love of soil and race, by mutual sympathy and tradition, by character and institutions. It is not a fortuitous concourse of individuals merely bound over to keep the peace towards each other, and for the rest following their own selfish objects, and crying outside their own cottage, counting-house, or country, "Let everything take its course." Our country is something more than the mere workshop of the world, a manufactory for flashy clothing, and a market for cheap goods. We are pledged to each other as citizens of a great nationality, and by solidarity of life. We owe a duty to ourselves, to our families, and to our country, and also to our generation and to the future. We have grown great, not merely by the extent of our possessions and the fertility of our soil,

but by the preservation of our liberties and the energy and enterprise of our people. The present generation is the outcome of centuries of effort.

The history of England is woven and interwoven, laced and interlaced with the history of Europe and the world for a thousand years. Wherever liberty has struggled successfully, or wherever it has suffered in vain, there our sympathies have gone. There is nothing in human affairs that can be foreign to us. Wealth almost beyond the dreams of avarice, territorial possessions, and education bring with them heavy responsibilities. Power, to the very last particle of it, is duty. Unto whom much is given, of him much will be required.

As we have inherited, so we have to transmit. No one can look slightly on the results which rest upon our national resolves. But if ever a nation, drunk with the fumes of power and wealth, makes an apotheosis of gold and material pleasure, prefers riches to duty, comfort to courage, selfish enjoyment to heroic effort and sacrifice, it sinks in the respect of others, and loses the first and strongest incentive to human effort. Great work demands great effort, and great effort is the life and soul both of individuals and nations. I contend, therefore, for these two principles—the integrity of the Empire, and the interest, the right, and the duty of England to play her part in the great battle of the world, as did our illustrious ancestors, the forerunners of European freedom.

JOSEPH COWEN.

(From a Speech.)

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice the lofty tone and the high ideals. Notice the effect of a short sentence at the end of a paragraph summing up what has gone before. *E.g.* "The present

generation is the outcome of centuries of effort." Again, "Power, to the very last particle of it, is duty." Observe how emphasis is given by the use of phrases similar in form massed together, *e.g.* "But if ever a nation . . . makes an apotheosis . . . prefers riches to duty, comfort to courage, selfish enjoyment to heroic effort and sacrifice, etc."

2. "A nation, drunk with the fumes of power and wealth." Make phrases similar in construction to follow these words:—An army: a leader: a crew: an outcast: a people: an empire.

3. Make sentences to show you appreciate the distinction between the following pairs of words:—

fertility	liberty	dignified	conscious	to appease
fruitfulness	freedom	stately	cognisant	to pacify
		to annul	agile	
		to repeal	active	

4. Using the text as a model, write an oratorical passage on "The Responsibilities of High Office in the State."

- (a) To the holder. (b) To his family. (c) To his country.
(d) To his generation. (e) To the future.

Napoleon Bonaparte

FLUNG into life, in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. . . . A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country, and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of a victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to Empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril. The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the pieces on a chess-board.

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the

darling of the army: and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers not one abandoned him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well that if he was lavish of them he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier he subsidized everybody; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe.

That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of good, there is just as little. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice that although this is a stirring piece of rhetorical prose, yet it has the blemish of being a little over-florid and exaggerated in statement. *E.g.* "All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts."

2. Find examples of the following in the text:—

(a) Antithesis. *E.g.* "Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of a victory."

(b) Paradox. *E.g.* "Ruin itself only elevated him to Empire."

(c) Alliteration. *E.g.* "He disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets": "He never forsook a friend or forgot a favour"

(d) Metaphor. *E.g.* "Fortune played the clown to his caprices."

(e) Simile. *E.g.* "He disposed of courts . . . as if they were the pieces on a chess-board."

(f) Metonymy. *E.g.* "At his touch crowns crumbled."

3. Supply phrases opposite in meaning to :— Apparent defeat : short captivity : wise optimism : prosaic ending : normal deficit : temporary failure : careful analysis.

5. Write a brief rhetorical passage on "Nelson, the saviour of his country, dying at the moment of victory."

In a Library

IN my garden I spend my days; in my library I spend my nights. My interests are divided between my geraniums and my books. With the flower I am in the present; with the book I am in the past. I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it vibrated to the world's first brood of nightingales, and to the laugh of Eve. I see the pyramids building; I hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyzes. I sit as in a theatre—the stage is time, the play is the play of the world.

What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors! I hear or cry "Bravo" when the great actors come on shaking the stage. I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin. I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches. The silence of the unpeopled Syrian plains, the out-comings and in-goings

of the patriarchs, Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at even-tide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob's guile, Esau's face reddened by desert sun-heat, Joseph's splendid funeral procession—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament. What a silence in those old books as of a half-peopled world—what bleating of flocks—what green pastoral rest—what indubitable human existence! Across brawling centuries of blood and war, I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels.

O men and women, so far separated yet so near, so strange yet so well known, by what miraculous power do I know ye all! Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse, and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king's court can boast such company? What school of philosophy such wisdom! The wit of the ancient world is glancing and flashing there. There is Pan's pipe, there are the songs of Apollo. Seated in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages, they are ghosts. I take one down and it speaks with me in a tongue not now heard on earth, and of men and things of which it alone possesses knowledge. I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Timour or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library, but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice that such a passage could be written only by a scholar. Naturally we find several examples of Antithesis, of Exclamation, and of rhetorical questions.

2. Find from your encyclopædia particulars of:—Alexander : Cambyzes : Homer : Achilles : Elysian fields : Pan's pipe : Apollo : Timour : Genghis Khan.

3. Make six sentences modelled on each of the following:—

(a) "I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin."

(b) "I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches."

(c) "What king's court can boast such company?"

4. "Looking on the silent faces of my books." Make six sentences containing similar metaphors. *E.g.* "The trees and shrubs rear white arms to the sky on every side."

5. "Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse." Make four sentences in which a metaphor is used for "Books." *E.g.* "Books are faithful friends alike in prosperity and adversity."

6. Choose some book you know well and write in the first person a rhetorical passage recalling some of the chief characters and incidents.

Our Lady of Tears

THE eldest of the three (sisters) is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by

turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds.

This sister, the eldest, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to Himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her*; still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna!"

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud, and notice the following points:—
 - (a) The Rhythm. *E.g.* "to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father": "he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own."

(b) Repetition. *E.g.* "She it is . . . She it was . . ."
 "Sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children."

(c) Metaphor. *E.g.* "when Herod's sword *swept* its nurseries of Innocents": "whilst yet her own spring was budding."

(d) "Woke pulses of love in household hearts": "the sobbing of litanies, the thundering of organs, the mustering of summer clouds."

2. Point out other examples of Rhythm, Metaphor, Inversion.

3. Use the following words, first in a literal and then in a figurative sense:—Raves: moans: swept: stiffened: sobbing: thundering: blind: sunny: spring: locked: darkness.

4. Express more poetically:—

(a) The child's feet sounded along the floors overhead.

(b) In early youth she died.

(c) Her blind father still dreams that she is holding him by the hand, and guiding him.

(d) Our Lady of Tears quietly enters the rooms where sleepless men, women, and children are lying.

(e) Herod's sword slew all the children in the nurseries of Bethlehem.

5. Write the passage from memory.

6. Write a short rhetorical passage on "Sympathy." Use the text as a model. *E.g.* "She is the daughter of Love."

NOTES.—Sympathy shown by a glance, a kindly word, a friendly act: the "cup of cold water": the power of sympathy.

VI.—BIOGRAPHY

Oliver Goldsmith

GOLDSMITH's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose, whom we all of us know. Swift was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county Westmeath, that sweet "Auburn" which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind parson brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependents besides those hungry children. He kept an open table; round which sat flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm.

Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk; the poor cottier still asks his honour's charity, and prays God bless his reverence for the sixpence; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlour table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half-dozen

of Irish dependents who take a percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him; and one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The small-pox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce: Paddy Bryne, the hedge-schoolmaster, took him in hand: and from Paddy Bryne, he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin.

When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So-and-so's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched; and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo! A relative—kind uncle Contarine—took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his school-days righteously doing as little work as he could; robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him.

Everybody knows the story of that famous "Mistake of a Night," when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the "best house" in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it.

Who does not know every story about Goldsmith?

That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness, and called him *Æsop*; and little Noll made his repartee of "Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—See *Æsop* dancing and his monkey playing." One can fancy a queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully; and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the Church, because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat: in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet.

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's, who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure: he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street-singers, who paid him a crown for a poem, and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ears so much to heart, that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared

from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

* * * * *

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unanimous responses of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still: his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

W. M. THACKERAY.
“English Humourists.”

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Compare with the extract “Farmer George” (page 49), and notice:—
 - (a) The language is clear and simple.
 - (b) There are exquisite touches of restrained pathos. *E.g.* “One can fancy a queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face.” “Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave.”
 - (c) Throughout the extract we seem to feel the author’s love for all that is good and noble and his contempt for all falsehood, meanness, and hypocrisy.

- (d) The passage is full of quiet humour. *E.g.* "When he tried to practise as a doctor . . . and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat: in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet."
- (e) The use of repetition as a means of emphasis in the last paragraph. *E.g.* Think of . . . think of . . . ; His humour . . . his song . . . to do . . . ; to succour . . . to soothe.

2. Find particulars of the following:—

Doctor Primrose: Swift: Pallasmore: Lissoy: "Auburn": cottier: hedge-schoolmaster: Elphin: *ferule*: Ardagh: Æsop: repartee: ruefully: ordination: sizar: unanimous: dowry: brogue.

3. Tell in greater detail the two stories related of Goldsmith in his youth.

4. Express in other words the same sense:—

He kept an open table: the poor cottier still asks his honour's charity: the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance: the small-pox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face: presently he assumes the most comical dignity: the young sizar made but a poor figure in that place of learning: the young prodigal came home ruefully: his benevolent spirit seems still to smile on us.

5. Prepare a biography of Charles Dickens and deal with the following points in the style of the text:—

- (a) The hardships of his early life.
 (b) An anecdote about Dickens.
 (c) A few of his famous works.
 (d) His character.
 (e) The honoured place he still holds in men's hearts. (See the last paragraph of the text.)

The Story of Alexander Selkirk

UNDER the title of this paper I do not think it foreign to my design, to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened

to any of human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company for the space of but one evening is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion were a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a fire-lock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life, as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment, his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy

relief, by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflection on his lonely condition.

When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now, taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes, and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures. I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears;

but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing and breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them: but at that time his spirits and life were so high, and he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable: for observing, that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, he despatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend him against them he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him, that running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him, he fell down a

precipice, and lay helpless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, for the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ships which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence, he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him; familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or to use his own

expression, "I am now worth £800, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

RICHARD STEELE.

"The Englishman."

EXERCISES.

NOTE.—Read the poem "Alexander Selkirk" by William Cowper.

1. Find the meaning of the following;— The generality of mankind: a man bred a sailor: an irreconcilable difference: resentment: eligible: the sustenance of life: diversions: necessitous: languid: disengagement from the world: irksome: gentle aspirations of wind: with great intrepidity: promontory: inured: precipitance: his aspect and gesture: acquisitions. Use these words and phrases in sentences.

2. Give sentences from the text containing the following idiomatic expressions:— To speak of: to converse with: a man of good sense: to part with: abounding with: to grow dejected: to refrain from: to grow reconciled to: to take delight in: capable of: to recover one's health: in full vigour: pestered with: to wear out: to pass through: to keep up: to be let into: to be sunk in thought.

3. Using the text as a model, write an account of a day in the life of such a man as Alexander Selkirk. Choose headings something like the following:—

- (a) The early morning meal.
- (b) Reading and devotions.
- (c) Building a hut.
- (d) Seeking shell-fish and hunting game.
- (e) The afternoon rest: description of his surroundings.
- (f) An evening adventure.

4. Imagine that a sailor is shipwrecked and reaches the shore of a lonely island in the Pacific. Tell the story of his life on the island. Use any words and phrases of the text which serve your purpose. *E.g.* "He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy."

Joan of Arc

WHAT is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? . . .

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man.

Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life, that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long!"

This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even

a visionary self-interest—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not tell the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road, pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future, but the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust.

Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*!

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she from her dungeon, she from her baiting at the stake, she from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream, saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered.

That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart, that resurrection of springtime which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*,

hungering after the glorious liberty of forests, were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers.

With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear.

This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered; the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived.

And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all she had died—died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice in this vivid and picturesque account of the Maid of Orleans the emphasis given:—

(a) By the use of the Interrogative Form, as in the opening sentences.

(b) By Exclamation. *E.g.* "Coronets for thee! Oh no!"

(c) By Apostrophe. *E.g.* "Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life."

(d) By the use of Italics. *E.g.* "But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever."

- (e) By Repetition. *E.g.* "She from her dungeon, she from her baiting, etc.": "For all she had died—died, amidst the tears . . . died, amidst the drums, etc."
- (f) By grouping together phrases of similar construction. *E.g.* "The surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces, the pitying eye, etc."
- (g) By the use of good comparison or illustration. *E.g.* in the first paragraph, the shepherd girl is compared with David the shepherd boy: again, "the spectators pouring into Rouen *as to a coronation*."

2. Express the following in a more emphatic way:—

- (a) Thy portion in this life was to suffer and to do, that was thy destiny; and it was not hidden from thyself for a moment.
- (b) This pure creature who was pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, never once relaxed from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her.
- (c) God gave back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers, that Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart, and that resurrection of springtime which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from her.

3. Express in more poetic language:—

- (a) The poor shepherd girl rose from a humble to a most exalted station.
- (b) She saw the town of Domrémy with its fountain, and the forests in which her childhood had been passed.
- (c) Her mission was over. Her troubles were at an end. Her death on the scaffold was a triumph.

4. Prepare a Life of Lady Jane Grey, then using the text as a guide write a short biography dealing particularly with:—

- (a) Her youth, beauty, and learning.
- (b) Her short, ill-fated reign.
- (c) Her execution.

Sir John Moore

SIR JOHN MOORE, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting

posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. . . . From the spot where he fell, the general was carried to the town by his soldiers; his blood flowed fast and the torture of the wound was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery: he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, "No, I feel that to be impossible." Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, there was no hope, the pain increased, he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, "You know I always wished to die this way." Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, said, "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French." His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear, once only when he spoke of his mother he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. When life was just extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country

will do me justice!" In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult with a noble feeling of respect for his valour raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of

a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller!

NAPIER.

“The Peninsular War.”

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud. Notice the following points:—
 - (a) The vigour and force suitable to the subject.
 - (b) The interest given by the use of quotations.
 - (c) The use of antithesis. *E.g.* “A stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit.” Point out other examples.
 - (d) The sentences are well varied in length and consist for the most part of (i) Double or multiple sentences joined by conjunctions, (ii) Simple sentences introduced by phrases frequently participial. *E.g.* “A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore, etc.”: “Confident in the strength of his genius, he, etc.”: “Opposing sound military views . . . he, etc.”

- (e) The words are carefully chosen: every word tells: notice, for example, the description of Moore's personal appearance: "His tall graceful person . . . refined understanding."

2. "As the stream of time passed." Use the following phrases in sentences:— The path of duty: the bond of friendship: the wings of the wind: the jaws of death: the seat of war: the hand of fate: the wheel of fortune: the sands of time: the scales of justice: the concert of Europe: the lamp of learning: the dogs of war.

3. Express in the form of indirect speech:—

He said:—

(a) "No, I feel that to be impossible."

(b) "You know I always wished to die this way."

(c) "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French."

(d) "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"

4. Write short paragraphs dealing with the physical, mental and moral qualities of the Duke of Wellington. Before beginning the exercise study carefully the passage: "Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore . . . death is not a leveller!"

5. Read carefully the first part of the extract as far as "raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle," then write an account of the death of Nelson. Introduce the following quotations:—"They have done for me at last, Hardy!" "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back-bone is shot through!": "Don't throw me overboard": "Kiss me, Hardy": "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

England after the Death of Nelson

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known

how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief.

So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character.

The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies and public monuments and posthumous rewards were all which they could bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney corner” to look upon Nelson ere they died.

The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt

ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours and at the height of human fame.

The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

ROBERT SOUTHHEY.

"Life of Nelson."

EXERCISES.

1. Read the passage aloud, and notice the easy and dignified style. The sentences are rather long, but the meaning is perfectly clear. Learn by heart the noble words beginning, "The most triumphant death . . . after them."

2. Notice the use of Inversion. *E.g.* "So perfectly, indeed, had he . . . for such already was the glory . . . Thus it is that . . ." Notice also the reference to the translation of the prophet Elijah.

3. Use in sentences of your own:—Something more than a public calamity: an object of our admiration and affection: not merely defeated, but destroyed: the possibility of their invading our shores: of a higher character: funeral ceremonies: posthumous rewards: the legislature: through Nelson's surpassing genius:

the most signal victory: all the maritime schemes of France: the combined squadrons of the enemy: in the course of nature: at the height of human fame: the martyred patriot.

4. "What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief."

Compose six sentences modelled on this one, containing a phrase in apposition.

5. Complete the following:—

(a) Yet he cannot be said to have lived in vain whose . . .

(b) Men mourned for Nelson as if . . .

(c) Our great heroes leave us not merely . . . but . . .

(d) Thus it is that noble lives . . .

(e) So nobly was the path of duty followed that . . .

6. Write a composition in the style of the text on the receipt in England of the news of the death of Captain Scott and his comrades.

The Boyhood of Goethe

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born on the 28th of August, 1749, in the busy town of Frankfort-on-the-Main. A quick, merry little girl grew up by the boy's side. Four other children also came, but soon vanished. Cornelia was the only companion who survived, and for her his affection dated from her cradle. He brought his toys to her, wanted to feed her and attend on her, and was very jealous of all who approached her. "When she was taken from the cradle, over which he watched, his anger was scarcely to be quieted. He was altogether much more easily moved to anger than to tears." To the last, his love for Cornelia was steadfast.

In old German towns, Frankfort among them, the ground-floor of the houses consists of a great hall where the vehicles are housed. This floor opens in folding trap-doors for the passage of wine-casks into the cellars below.

In one corner of the hall is a sort of lattice, opening by an iron or wooden grating upon the street. Here the crockery in daily use was kept; here the servants peeled their potatoes, and cut their carrots and turnips, preparatory to cooking; here also the housewife would sit with her sewing, or her knitting, giving an eye to what passed in the street (when anything did pass there), and an ear to a little neighbourly gossip. Such a place was of course a favourite with children.

One fine afternoon, when the house was quiet, Master Wolfgang, with his cup in his hand and nothing to do, finds himself in this room looking out into the silent streets and telegraphing to the young Ochsensteins, who dwelt opposite. By way of doing something he begins to fling the crockery into the street, delighted at the smashing music which it makes, encouraged by the laughter of the brothers Ochsenstein, who chuckle at him from over the way. The plates and dishes are flying in this way, when his mother returns: she sees the mischief with a housewifely horror, melting into girlish sympathy, as she hears how heartily the little fellow laughs at his escapade, and how the neighbours laugh at him.

This genial, indulgent mother employed her faculty for story-telling to his and her own delight. "Air, fire, earth, and water I represented under the forms of princesses; and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own tales, and any invitation which interrupted

these was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favourites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with 'But, mother, the princess won't marry the nasty tailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the meanwhile think it out for himself, and so he often helped my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him that he had found out the ending, then he was all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress!

"His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidant of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out, and as she repeated these to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, there was a secret plot between us, which we never disclosed. I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw with glowing eyes the fulfilment of his own ideas, and listened with enthusiastic applause." What a charming glimpse of mother and son!

The grandmother here spoken of lived in the same house, and when lessons were finished, away the children hurried to her room, to play. The dear old lady, proud as a grandmother, "spoiled" them, of course, and gave them many an eatable, which they would get only in her room. But of all her gifts nothing was comparable to the puppet-show with which she surprised them on the Christmas Eve of 1753, and which Goethe says "created a new world in the house."

There was also the grandfather Textor, whose house

the children gladly visited, and whose gravity produced an impression on the boy, all the deeper because a certain mysterious awe surrounded the old gentleman. His portrait presents him in a large wig, with the heavy golden chain round his neck, suspending a medal given him by the Empress Maria Theresa ; but Goethe remembered him more vividly in his dressing-gown and slippers, moving amid the flowers of his garden, weeding, training, watering ; or seated at the dinner-table, where, on Sundays, he received his guests.

The mother's admirable method of cultivating the inventive activity of the boy, finds its counterpart in the father's method of cultivating his receptive faculties. He speaks with less praise than it deserved of his father's idea of education ; probably because late in life he felt keenly his lack of systematic training. But the principle upon which the father proceeded was an excellent one—namely, that of exercising the intellect rather than the memory. An anecdote was dictated, generally something from everyday life, or perhaps an incident from the life of Frederick the Great ; on this the boy wrote dialogues and moral reflections in Latin and German.

In the summer of 1754 the old house was entirely rebuilt, Wolfgang helping at the ceremony of laying the foundation, dressed as a little bricklayer. The quick, observant boy found much in this rebuilding of the paternal house to interest him ; he chatted with the workmen, hearing of their domestic circumstances, and learning something of the builder's art, which in after years so often occupied him. This event led to his being sent to school.

He had just attained his seventh year when the Seven Years' War broke out. His grandfather espoused the cause

of Austria, his father that of Frederick. This difference of opinion brought with it disagreement, and finally a separation between the families. The exploits of the Prussian army were enthusiastically quoted on the one side, and cried down on the other. It was an all-absorbing topic, awakening passionate partisanship. Men looked with strange feelings on the struggle which the greatest captain of his age was maintaining against Russia, Austria, and France. The ruler of not more than five millions of men was fighting unaided against the rulers of more than a hundred millions; and it was difficult to hear without enthusiasm of his brilliant exploits. Courage and genius in desperate circumstances always awaken sympathy; and the intrepid general was blindly worshipped.

This Seven Years' War was a circumstance from which, as it is thought, Goethe ought to have received some inspiration. He received from it precisely that which was food to his character. He caught the grand enthusiasm, but, as he says, it was the *personality* of the hero, rather than the greatness of the cause, which made him rejoice in every victory, copy the songs of triumph and the lampoons directed against Austria. He learnt now the effects of party spirit. At the table of his grandfather he had to hear Frederick "shamefully slandered." "And as in my sixth year, after the Lisbon earthquake, I doubted the goodness of Providence, so now, on account of Frederick, I began to doubt the justice of the world."

Over the doorway of the house in which he was born were a lyre and a star, announcing, as every interpreter will certify, that a poet was to make that house illustrious. The poetic faculty early manifested itself. We have seen him inventing conclusions for his mother's stories; and

as he grew older he began to invent stories for the amusement of his playfellows, after he had filled his mind with images—

“Lone sitting on the shores of old Romance.”

Not only did he tell stories, he wrote them also, as we gather from a touching little anecdote preserved by Bettina. The small-pox had carried off his little brother Jacob. To the surprise of his mother, Wolfgang shed no tears, believing Jacob to be with God in heaven. “Did you not love your little brother, then,” asked his mother, “that you do not grieve for his loss?” He ran to his room, and from under the bed drew a quantity of papers on which he had written stories and lessons. “I had written all these that I might teach them to him,” said the child. He was then nine years old.

Shortly before the death of his brother, he was startled by the sound of the warder’s trumpet from the chief tower, announcing the approach of troops. This was in January, 1759. On came the troops in continuous masses, and the rolling tumult of their drums called all the women to the windows, and all the boys in admiring crowds into the streets. The troops were French. They seized the guard-house; and in a little while the city was a camp. To make matters worse, these troops were at war with Frederick, whom Wolfgang and his father worshipped. They were soon billeted through the town; and things relapsed into their usual routine, varied by a military occupation. In the Goethe house an important person was quartered,—Count de Thoarne, the king’s lieutenant, a man of taste and munificence, who assembled round him artists and celebrities, and won the affectionate

admiration of Wolfgang, though he failed to overcome the hatred of the old Councillor.

This occupation of Frankfort brought with it many advantages to Goethe. It relaxed the severity of paternal book education, and began another kind of tuition—that of life and manners. The perpetual marching through the streets, the brilliant parades, the music, “the pomp, pride, and circumstance” were not without their influence. Moreover, he now gained conversational familiarity with French, and acquaintance with the theatre.

G. H. LEWES.

“Life of Goethe.”

EXERCISES.

1. Read the extract aloud. Notice that the following points all help to arouse our interest:—

- (a) The introduction of anecdotes with the actual words of the speakers.
- (b) The pen-portraits of the mother, grandmother, and grandfather.
- (c) The skilful way in which History is interwoven with the biography.
- (d) The change of tense as in the anecdote about the crockery.

2. Tell in your own words the anecdotes about the crockery and the death of little Jacob.

3. Make an analysis of this extract, thus:—

- (a) Birth on August 28th, 1749, at Frankfort-on-the-Main.
- (b) Steadfast love for his sister Cornelia.
- (c) Description of ground-floor of houses in old German towns, etc.

4. “Over the doorway of the house in which he was born were a *lyre* and a *star*.”

Of what are the following emblems or symbols?— The lily: the violet: the olive: the laurel: the poppy: the reed: the pelican: the stork: a glove: the sickle: an anchor: the course of a river.

5. Use the following words in sentences to show that you appreciate their differences :—

calling	{feeling	{watery	{hearty	{anger	{dumb	{heavy	}
vocation	{sentiment	{aqueous	{cordial	{ire	{mute	{ponderous	}
					paternal		
					fatherly		

6. Express in other words the same sense :—

- (a) "There was also the grandfather Textor, whose gravity produced an impression on the boy, all the deeper because a certain mysterious awe surrounded the old gentleman."
- (b) "The exploits of the Prussian army were enthusiastically quoted on the one side, and cried down on the other."
- (c) "It was an all-absorbing topic, awakening passionate partisanship."
- (d) "Courage and genius in desperate circumstances always awaken sympathy."
- (e) "Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing saving their own ignorance."

7. Prepare an account of "The Boyhood of Nelson." See Southey's "Life of Nelson." Select anecdotes which show the germs of qualities which later on were exhibited in the man. Refer to Exercise 3 and model your outline on the one you have prepared.

VII.—PEN PORTRAITS

Attila the Hun

ATTILA, the son of Mundzuk, deduced his noble, perhaps his regal, descent from the ancient Huns, who had formerly contended with the monarchs of China. His features, according to the observation of a Gothic historian, bore the stamp of his national origin ; and the portrait of Attila exhibits the genuine deformity of a modern Calmuck : a large head, a swarthy complexion, small, deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in place of beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body, of nervous strength though of a disproportioned form.

The haughty step and demeanour of the king of the Huns expressed the consciousness of his superiority above the rest of mankind ; and he had a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired. Yet this savage hero was not inaccessible to pity : his suppliant enemies might confide in the assurance of peace or pardon ; and Attila was considered by his subjects as a just and indulgent master. He delighted in war ; but after he had ascended the throne in a mature age, his head, rather than his hand, achieved the conquest of the North ; and the fame of an adventurous soldier was usefully exchanged for that of a prudent and successful general.

GIBBON.

Dr. Johnson

JOHNSON grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame, and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him,—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates—old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank,—all are familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed.

MACAULAY.

Frederick the Great

HE is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown, but an old military cocked hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute

softness if new ; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears," say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings,—coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high overknee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished,—Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach. The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joys there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere. Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of

them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth.

T. CARLYLE.

Sir Francis Drake

large
BUT who is that short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up, with keen, gray eyes, into the face of each speaker? His cap is in his hands, so you can see the bullet head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek-bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite.
✓ A coarse, plebeian stamp of man: yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him;—for his name is Francis Drake.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

William Pitt

IF you and I had been alive then, and strolling down Milsom Street—hush! we should have taken our hats off, as an awful, long, lean, gaunt figure, swathed in flannels, passed by in its chair, and a livid face looked out from the window—great fierce eyes staring from under a bushy powdered wig, a terrible frown, a terrible Roman nose—and we whisper to one another, “There he is! There’s the great commoner! There is Mr. Pitt!”

W. M. THACKERAY.

Sumner

Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall

MR. SQUEERS'S appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two. The eye he had, was unquestionably useful, but decidedly not ornamental; being of a greenish grey, and in shape resembling the fan-light of a street-door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered closely on the villainous. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner. He was about two or three and fifty, and a trifle below the middle size; he wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a suit of scholastic black; but his coat sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.

CHARLES DICKENS.

William the Conqueror

IN height he was really but little above the stature of many of those present; nevertheless so did his port, his air, the nobility of his large proportions fill the eye, that he seemed to tower immeasurably above the rest.

His countenance was yet more remarkable than his form; still in the prime of youth, he seemed at the first glance younger, at the second older, than he was. . . . His

small skull-cap left unconcealed his forehead, shaded with short thick hair, uncurled, but black and glossy as the wings of a raven. It was on that forehead that time had set its trace; it was knit into a frown over the eyebrows; lines deep as furrows crossed its broad, but not elevated expanse. That frown spoke of hasty ire and the habit of stern command; those furrows spoke of deep thought and plotting scheme; the one betrayed but temper and circumstance; the other, more noble, spoke of the character and intellect.

The face was square, and the regard lion-like; the mouth—small, and even beautiful in outline—had a sinister expression in its exceeding firmness; and the jaw—vast, solid, as if bound in iron—showed obstinate, ruthless, determined will; such a jaw as belongs to the tiger amongst beasts, and the conqueror amongst men; such as it is seen in the effigies of Cæsar, of Cortez, of Napoleon.

LORD LYTTON.

A Country Gentleman

WILL WIMBLE is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle: and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is

a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county.

Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself: he now and then presents small gifts to their mothers or sisters. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours, make Will the darling of the country.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Mr. Gradgrind

✓ "Now, what I want is, Facts. . . . Stick to Facts, sir!"

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a schoolroom, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellorage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard-set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knots, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's

obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Lord Kitchener in 1898

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER is fifty-eight years old by the look; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility: that also is irrelevant. Steady passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant too; neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same as if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is.

G. W. STEEVENS.

Oliver Cromwell

THE figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey and piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features, and of a reddish hue.

His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could on such occasion put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of people's ears without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that, though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It has been long since said by the historian that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with a few exceptions, the most nonsensical book in the world; but he ought to have added that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible than what he really intended should be understood.

It was also remarked of Cromwell, that, though born of a good family, both by father and mother, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding connected with such an advantage, the fanatic democratic

ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low and sometimes practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen; a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“Woodstock.”

The Duke of Marlborough

OUR chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords or a monarch's court, or a cottage table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round about him;—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate.

In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain in the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three-farthings, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either.

Not that he had no tears; he could always order up

this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He could cringe to a shoe-black, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand (or stab you whenever he saw occasion).—But yet those of the army, who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

W. M. THACKERAY.

NOTES.

Read each passage aloud, and notice that though the style varies with each author, yet each achieves in its own way a masterly and vivid portrait in words. In some cases, *e.g.* that of "William the Conqueror," stress is laid on the description of the physical features; in others, *e.g.* that of "A Country Gentleman," prominence is given to the habits and social qualities; but in every case the result is a clear-cut picture of the man. In order to write a "pen-portrait" careful preparation is necessary. Make notes of what you read, then condense them into a short graphic picture of the man.

EXERCISES.

1. "Attila the Hun." First comes a description of the physical features, then some favourable aspects of his character. Write a pen-portrait of Richard III.

2. "Dr. Johnson." This is a good example of Macaulay's emphatic way of heaping together phrases of similar form. Notice that the picture gives both the favourable and the unfavourable points in Johnson's character. Write a pen-portrait of Carlyle.

3. "Frederick the Great." Notice the jerkiness; the humour; and the telling description of the eyes "swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun." Write a pen-portrait of Napoleon.

4. "Sir Francis Drake." Notice how well the plain, straightforward, vigorous language suits the man portrayed. Write a pen-portrait of Raleigh.

5. "William Pitt." Notice that the predominant impression left on the mind is that of awe. Write a pen-portrait of Cromwell.

6. "Mr. Squeers." This passage is a good example of Dickens' humorous characterization. Write a humorous pen-portrait of an old boatman such as you may find at any English sea-side resort.

7. "William the Conqueror." Notice that this passage is rather more florid than the preceding ones. *E.g.* "black and glossy as the wings of a raven: time had set its trace: knit into a frown: lines deep as furrows." The chief impression left on the mind is that of Firmness. Write a pen-portrait of "The Duke of Wellington, the Iron Duke."

8. "A Country Gentleman." Notice that there is no description of the form and features of Will Wimble, but a quiet humorous picture of his habits and social qualities. This mode of characterization is frequent in the writings of Addison. Write a pen-portrait of "A Genial Judge." Model your portrait on the text.

9. "Mr. Gradgrind." Notice that the emphasis of this passage is helped by Repetition and Humour. *E.g.* "his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall: his hair bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs, etc." Write a humorous pen-portrait of a man who always wants to talk about Cricket though he himself has never played.

10. "Lord Kitchener." In several of the preceding extracts the description of physical features has been of great importance in helping us to picture the man; in this passage "the externals" are set out as of less importance: the brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man. Notice the use of Repetition. *E.g.* "that is irrelevant": "no age but . . . no body but . . . no face but . . ." Write this pen-portrait from memory.

11. "Cromwell." Notice that the sentences are rather long and sustained, but the clearness of the picture is in no way impaired. Make a précis of the passage, to include only the most essential points.

12. "Duke of Marlborough." Here again we have the inner self portrayed—the character rather than the appearance of the man. Write six sentences each of which shall describe a trait in the Duke's character.

VIII.—PROSE PASSAGES FOR REPETITION

Eloquent Death

KINGS and Princes of the World have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death, upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word; which God, with all the words of His law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed. God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. I have considered, saith Solomon, all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit; but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death which, opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and King Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He

takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar ; a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing, but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness ; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death, whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only has cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man ; and covered it all over with these two narrow words : *Hic jacet.*

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

John Howard

HE has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples ; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art ; nor to collect medals, or collate manuscripts ; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals ; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain ; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt ; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity.

EDMUND BURKE.

Weakness made Strong

IF one of these little flakes of mica sand, hurried in tremulous spangling along the bottom of the ancient river, too light to sink, too faint to float, almost too small for sight, could have had a mind given to it as it was at last borne down with its kindred dust into the abysses of the stream, and laid (might it not have been thought?) for a hopeless eternity, in the dark ooze, the most despised, forgotten, and feeble of all earth's atoms; incapable of any use or change; not fit, down there in the diluvial darkness, so much as to help an earth wasp to build its nest, or feed the first fibre of a lichen; what would it have thought, had it been told that one day, knitted into a strength as of imperishable iron, rustless by the air, infusible by the flame, out of the substance of it, with its fellows, the axe of God should hew that Alpine tower?—that against *it*—poor, helpless mica flake!—the wild north winds should rage in vain; beneath *it*—low-fallen mica flake!—the snowy hills should lie bowed like flocks of sheep, and the kingdoms of the earth fade away in unregarded blue; and around *it*—weak, wave-drifted mica flake!—the great war of the firmament should burst in thunder and yet stir it not; and the fiery arrows and angry meteors of the night fall blunted back from it into the air; and all the stars in the clear heaven should light, one by one as they rose, new cressets upon the points of snow that fringed its abiding-place on the imperishable spire?

JOHN RUSKIN.

“Modern Painters.”

The End of the Middle Ages

FOR indeed a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return.

A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedral, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.

J. A. FROUDE.

“History of England.”

A Picture

“EVERY glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens on a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark, though flushed with scarlet lichen—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the serried clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbéd repose of the stern pines, passing to lose themselves in the last white blending lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

JOHN RUSKIN.

David's Lamentation

AND David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son.

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the

shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

II Samuel.

Faith, Hope and Charity

BUT covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet show I unto you a more excellent way.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,

and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

I Corinthians.

Books

BOOKS are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and

as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

JOHN MILTON.

The Passing of Arthur

"BUT my time hieth fast," said King Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "therefore take thou Excalibur my good sword, and go with it unto yonder water side, and, when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword into that water, and come again and tell me what thou shalt see there." "My Lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your command shall be done, and lightly bring you word again."

And so Sir Bedivere departed; and by the way he beheld that noble sword where the pommel and the haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." Then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree, and as soon as he might he came again unto King Arthur, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. "What sawest thou there?" said the King. "Sir," said

he, "I saw nothing but waves and wind." "That is untruly said of thee," said King Arthur, "therefore go thou lightly and do my command, as thou art to me lief and dear; spare not, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then he thought it sin and shame to throw away that noble sword. And so he again hid the sword, and returned and told the King that he had been at the water and done his command. "What saw ye there?" said the King. "Sir," said he, "I saw nothing but the waters wap and waves wan." "Ah, traitor untrue!" said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me two times. Who would have thought that thou that hast been unto me so lief and dear, and art named a noble knight, wouldst betray me for the rich sword? But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold; and except thou do as I command thee, I shall slay thee with my own hands, for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead.

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water's side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilt, and then he threw the sword into the water as far as he might; and there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished. Then the hand vanished away with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the King, and told him what he had seen. "Alas!" said the King, "help me from hence, for I dread me I have tarried too long." Then Sir Bedivere took King Arthur upon his back, and so went with him to the water's side. And when they were at the water's side, even fast by the bank hove a little

barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a Queen, and all had black hoods, and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the King, and so he did softly; and there received him three Queens with great mourning, and these three Queens set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that Queen said, "Ah! dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas! this wound on your head hath taken cold." Then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him; then Sir Bedivere cried, "Ah! my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?"

"Comfort thyself," said King Arthur, "and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound; and if thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul." But evermore the Queens and the ladies wept and shrieked that it was pity to hear them. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest.

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

Spring and Summer

THE golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind, all is bleakness, and darkness, and dissolution. Before, is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of hay; and people will cross the fields,

reading, or walking with one another ; and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things, will be the rain which they drink with delight ; and there will be sleep on the grass at mid-day, and early rising in the morning, and long moonlight evenings with quiet walks ; and we shall sit with our window open, and hear the rooks.

Already the rains are well-tempered. We care not for the chillness, for it is vernal, the cold of a young hand instead of an old one : and at noon, when the sun slips from out a blue interval of sky, we feel him warm on our backs.

Passing the top of the green lane, a gush of song bursts out upon us from the ivy-bush that clothes the sides of the old house.

See !—birds come by fives and tens in the meadows, agile, unseen before, springing away with a song. And the tops of the horse-chestnut boughs look as if they glowed into the air with life.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Beginnings of the English Nation

THE sources of the noblest rivers, which spread fertility over continents, and bear richly laden fleets to the sea, are to be sought in wild and barren mountain tracts, incorrectly laid down in maps, and rarely explored by travellers. To such a tract the history of our country during the thirteenth century may not unaptly be compared. Sterile and obscure as is that portion of our annals, it is there that we must seek for the origin of our

freedom, our prosperity, and our glory. Then it was that the great English people was formed, that the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained, and that our fathers became emphatically islanders, islanders not merely in geographical position, but in their politics, their feelings, and their manners. Then first appeared with distinctness that constitution which has ever since, through all changes, preserved its identity; that constitution of which all the other free constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the archetype of all the representative assemblies which now meet, either in the old or in the new world, held its first sittings. Then it was that the common law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the imperial jurisprudence. Then it was that the courage of those sailors who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then it was that the most ancient colleges which still exist at both the great national seats of learning were founded. Then was formed that language, less musical indeed than the languages of the south, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to the tongue of Greece alone. Then, too, appeared the first faint dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England.

MACAULAY.

Universal Law

OF law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world ; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power ; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

RICHARD HOOKER.

Of Studies

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar.

They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience :

For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth

directions too much at large except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies ; simple men admire them ; and wise men use them :

For they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

FRANCIS BACON.

IX.—EMPHASIS

A SPEAKER is able to lay stress upon important words or phrases by means of changes in the tones of his voice. A writer produces the same effect of emphasis, by certain devices of language, of which the following are the chief:—

1. EMPHASIS BY INVERSION.—This is one of the commonest methods of obtaining Emphasis. It consists in varying the usual order of the parts of a sentence so as to give prominence to the most important words and phrases. The most emphatic position in a sentence is either at the beginning or the end.

(a) “*Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed.*” (Here the predicate, instead of being placed in its usual position after the subject, is placed before it.)

(b) “*Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee.*” (Here the predicate, including the direct object, is placed before the subject.)

(c) “*In a sweet and thrilling voice, and with a composed mien which indicates rather the absorbing sense of august duty than an absence of emotion,* the Queen announces her accession to the throne of her ancestors, and her humble hope that divine Providence will guard over the fulfilment of her lofty trust.” (Adverbial phrases placed before the verb.)

(d) “*Loud and long* were the cheers, and *mighty* was the rustling of one of the blue flags, with ‘Liberty of the Press’ inscribed thereon, when the sandy head of Mr. Pott was discerned in one of the windows.” (Complement before its verb.)

The following are other passages containing instances of Emphasis obtained by inversion—

"Scarce had the words left his lips ere he sprang to the breastworks, and with a sudden sweep of his axe, down dropped a helm that peered above them. But helm after helm succeeds. Now they come on, swarm upon swarm, as wolves on a traveller, as bears round a bark. Countless, amidst their carnage on they come! The arrows of the Norman blacken the air: with deadly precision, to each arm, each limb, each front exposed above the bulwarks—whirrs the shaft. They clamber the palisades, the foremost fall dead under the Saxon axe; new thousands rush on: vain is the might of Harold, vain had been a Harold's might in every Saxon there! The first row of breastworks is forced—it is trampled, hewed, crushed down, cumbered with the dead. 'Ha Rou! Ha Rou! Notre Dame! Notre Dame!' sounds joyous and shrill, the chargers snort and leap, and charge into the circle. High wheels in air the great mace of William; bright by the slaughterers flashes the crozier of the Church."

LORD LYTTON.

"In vain they had strained their eyes through the darkness, to catch, by the fitful glare of the flashes, the tall masts of the Spaniard. Of one thing at least they were certain, that with the wind as it was, she could not have gone far to the westward; and to attempt to pass them again, and go northward, was more than she dare do. She was probably lying to ahead of them, perhaps between them and the land; and when, a little after midnight, the wind chopped up to the west, and blew stiffly till daybreak, they felt sure that, unless she had attempted the desperate expedient of running past them, they had her safe in the mouth of the Bristol Channel. Slowly and wearily broke the dawn, on such a day as often follows heavy thunder; a sunless, drizzly day, roofed with low dingy cloud, barred, and netted, and festooned with black, a sign that the storm is only taking breath a while before it bursts again; while all the narrow horizon is dim and spongy with vapour drifting before a chilly breeze. As the day went on, the breeze died down, and the sea fell to a long, glassy, foam-flecked roll, while overhead brooded the inky sky, and round them the leaden mist shut out alike the shore and the chase."

C. KINGSLEY.

In the following passage, referring to George III., not only Inversion but several other methods of obtaining Emphasis are employed.

"What preacher need moralize; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought

of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers,' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers! speaking the same dear mother-tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this Royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies, to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

W. M. THACKERAY.

"All by the hedge ran a little stream, a thing that could barely name itself, flowing scarce more than a pint in a minute, because of the sunny weather. Yet had this rill little crooks and crannies, dark and bravely bearded, and a gallant rush through a redden pipe,—the stem of a flag that was grounded; and here and there divided threads, from the points of a branching stick, into mighty pools of rock napped with moss all around the sides and hung with corded grasses. Along and down the tiny banks, and nodding into one another, even across main channel, hung the brown arcade of ferns; some with gold tongues languishing; some with countless ear-drops jerking; some with great quilled ribs uprising and long saws aflapping; others cupped, and fanning over with the grace of yielding, even as a hollow fountain spread by winds that have lost their way."

R. D. BLACKMORE.

"Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the impassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and

summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years."

JOHN RUSKIN.
"Mosses."

2. EMPHASIS BY REPETITION.—In some cases, emphasis is gained by repeating an important word, or by repeating phrases of the same form. Dickens often makes use of this device:—

"They were all shivering, and everything about them seemed to be shivering; the river itself, craft, rigging, sails, such early smoke as there yet was on the shore. Black with wet, and altered to the eye by white patches of hail and sleet, the huddled buildings looked lower than usual, as if they were cowering, and had shrunk with the cold. Very little life was to be seen on either bank, windows and doors were shut, and the staring black and white letters upon wharves and warehouses 'looked,' said Eugene to Mortimer, 'like inscriptions over the graves of dead businesses.'

"As they glided slowly on, keeping under the shore, and sneaking in and out among the shipping, by back-alleys of water, in a pilfering way that seemed to be their boatman's normal manner of progression, all the objects among which they crept were so huge in contrast with their wretched boat as to threaten to crush it. Not a ship's hull, with its rusty iron links of cable run out of hause-holes long discoloured with the iron's rusty tears, but seemed to be there with a fell intention. Not a figure-head but had the menacing look of bursting forward to run them down. Not a sluice gate, or a painted scale upon a port or wall, showing the depth of water, but seemed to hint, like the dreadfully facetious Wolf in bed in Grandmamma's cottage, 'That's to drown *you* in, my dears!' Not a lumbering black barge, with its cracked and blistered side impending over them, but seemed to suck at the river with a thirst for sucking them under. And everything so vaunted the spoiling influences of water—discoloured copper, rotten wood, honey-combed stone, green dank deposit—that the after-consequences of being crushed, sucked under, and drawn down, looked as ugly to the imagination as the main event."

"Our Mutual Friend."

Notice in the first paragraph of this extract, the constant insistence upon the idea of *cold*, and how every

object named in the entire passage is so described as to intensify the atmosphere of misery and gloom.

Sometimes the emphasis is gained by repeating the same form of construction.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these :

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done ; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

"Tale of Two Cities."

"Life passes, riches fly away, popularity is fickle, the sense decays, the world changes, friends die. One alone is constant; One alone is true to us; One alone can be true; One alone can be all things to us; One alone can supply our needs; One alone can train us up to our full perfection; One alone can give a meaning to our complex and intricate nature; One alone can give us tune and harmony; One alone can form and possess us."

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons and House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden underfoot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

EDMUND BURKE.

"Sixthly, for the oppression of the subject, which, as I remember, is the next particular I proposed, it needs no demonstration. The whole kingdom is a proof; and for the exhausting of our treasures, that very oppression speaks it. What waste of our provisions, what consumption of our ships, what destruction of our men there hath been. Witness that expedition to Algiers—witness that with Mansfeldt—witness that to Cadiz—witness the next—witness that to Rhé—witness the last (I pray God we may never have more such witnesses)—witness, likewise the Palatinate—witness Denmark—witness the Turks—witness the Dunkirkers—witness all! What losses we have sustained! How we are impaired in munitions, in ships, in men!"

SIR JOHN ELIOT.

3. EMPHASIS BY MEANS OF ANTITHESIS.—By Antithesis is meant the placing together of two ideas forming a sharp contrast, and so, by a kind of shock, or surprise, producing a vivid impression. A good example is the familiar one from Macaulay:—"The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators!"

The following is another example of clever antithesis:—

“Your friends are not beautiful: they are only decorated. They are not clean: they are only shaved and starched. They are not dignified: they are only fashionably dressed. They are not educated: they are only college passmen. They are not religious: they are only pew-renters. They are not moral: they are only conventional. They are not virtuous: they are only cowardly. They are not even vicious: they are only ‘frail.’ They are not prosperous: they are only rich. They are not loyal: they are only servile; not dutiful, only sheepish; not public-spirited, only patriotic; not courageous, only obtuse; not self-respecting, only vain; not kind, only sentimental; not social, only gregarious; not considerate, only polite; not intelligent, only opinionated; not progressive, only factious; not imaginative, only superstitious; not just, only vindictive; not generous, only propitiatory; not disciplined, only cowed; and not truthful at all—liars every one of them, to the very backbone of their souls.”

G. BERNARD SHAW.

“Man and Superman.”

The device of Antithesis, however, is dangerous except in the hands of a gifted writer—it often leads to mere “smartness,” and so fails of the effect it is designed to produce.

4. Emphasis can always be gained by means of an apt illustration, or simile. Thus Carlyle, when he wishes to speak of the slow march of events that led up to the French Revolution, forces home his point by means of the following comparison:—

“The oak grows silently in the forest a thousand years, only in the thousand years when the woodman arrives with his axe is there heard an echoing through the solitudes, and the oak announces itself when, with far-sounding crash, it falls. How silent, too, was the planting of the acorn, scattered from the lap of some wandering wind! Nay, when our oak flowered or put on its leaves (its glad events) what shout of proclamation could there be? Hardly from the most observant a word of recognition. These things *befel* not; they were slowly done; not in an hour, but through the flight of days.”

Jeremy Taylor, in a beautiful passage on Prayer, likens the prayer of a good man to the song of the lark—

“For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man.”

JEREMY TAYLOR.

The above passage should be read aloud in order to appreciate the fine *rhythm* of the language.

And John Ruskin, writing of books, and the earnest effort that is necessary, if we are to extract from them the treasures they hold, compares the reader to a miner digging for gold—

“There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

“And it is just the same with men’s best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, ‘Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper? And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at a cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author’s mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And

your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal."

"Sesame and Lilies."

The idea conveyed in the following extract might have been presented in one bold sentence; yet how much of clearness and force is gained by the apt illustration!

"John Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. 'How so?' said he, 'it is covered with weeds.' 'Oh,' I replied, '*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.'"

S. T. COLERIDGE.

5. EMPHASIS BY THE USE OF THE INTERROGATIVE FORM.

—By presenting an idea in the form of a question a writer may often succeed in producing a more vivid impression.

"Gradually the guineas, the crowns and the half-crowns grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a day on as small an outlay as possible. Have not men, shut up in solitary confinement, found an interest in marking the moments by straight strokes of a certain length on the wall, until the growth of the sum of straight strokes, arranged in triangles, has become a mastering purpose? Do we not wile away moments of inanity or fatigued waiting by repeating some trivial movement or sound, until the repetition has bred a want, which is incipient habit? That will help us to understand how the love of accumulating money grows an absorbing passion in men whose imaginations, even in the very beginning of their hoard, showed them no purpose beyond it."

GEORGE ELIOT.

6. EMPHASIS BY EXCLAMATION.—This method is more

suitable to poetry than prose; many great writers make use of it, however, and it is common in oratory.

“What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!”

SHAKESPEARE.

(Notice, in the above passage, how monotony is avoided and further emphasis gained by the device of *Inversion*.)

“How lovely these banks are now—the tall weeds and the gorse fixed and stiffened in the hoar-frost, which fringes round the bright, prickly holly, the pendent foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange leaves of the pollard oaks! Oh, this is rime in its loveliest form! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, ‘blushing in its natural coral,’ through the delicate tracery, still a stray hip or haw for the birds, who abound here always. The poor birds, how tame they are, how sadly tame! . . . It was quite delightful to see the pretty things come and feed, to conquer their shyness, and do away with their mistrust. First came the more social tribes, ‘the robin red-breast and the wren,’ cautiously, suspiciously, picking up a crumb on the wing, with the little, keen, bright eye fixed on the window; then they would stop for two pecks; then stay till they were satisfied. The shyer birds, tamed by their example, came next; and at last, one saucy fellow of a blackbird—a sad glutton, he would clear the board in two minutes—used to tap his yellow bill against the window for more. How we loved the fearless confidence of that fine, frank-hearted creature!”

M. R. MITFORD.

“Oh, that ride! that first ride!—most truly it was an epoch in my existence; and I still look back to it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first love—it is a very agreeable event, I dare say—but give me the flush, and triumph, and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob! My whole frame was shaken, it is true; and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand; but what of that? By that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints, after that first ride round the Devil’s Hill on the cob. Oh, that cob! that Irish cob!—may the sod lie lightly over the bones of the strongest, speediest, and most gallant of its kind.”

GEORGE BORROW.

EXERCISES I.

Show how the writer has obtained Emphasis in each of the following passages:—

- (a) "Nothing is so galling to a people, not broken in from the birth, as a paternal, or, in other words, a meddling government, a government which tells them what to read, and say, and eat, and drink, and wear."—MACAULAY.
- (b) "He had a head which statuary loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the street mimicked."—MACAULAY.
- (c) "He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes."—MACAULAY.
- (d) "Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action. We cannot learn men from books."—DISRAELI.
- (e) "But what are the hopes of man? I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."—DR. JOHNSON. (Alluding to the death of David Garrick.)
- (f) "There will be no true freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God and love to your fellow-citizens. Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be *fit* to be free."—C. KINGSLEY.
- (g) "Inside the Tower there were 1200 soldiers besides the retainers of the king and the nobles. Walworth the Mayor proposed a night-sally on the half-armed, half-drunken mass of howling frenzy. A few determined men might slay the rebels in their sleep—slay them, as was said, 'like fleas.' What more horrible than a murdering crowd of maniacs! What more likely than that London itself might perish, as the Savoy Palace had perished, unless order dared to assert itself? Blood enough was on the hands of the miserable wretches. Little cause might a brave magistrate have seen to hesitate."—FROUDE.
- (h) "Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week."—ADDISON.
- (i) "Rain was universal; a thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder rumbled remote, and between the ruffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of

eager gobbling, much like that of the swine's trough fresh filled, as though a vast assembly of the hungered had seated themselves clamourously and fallen to on meats and drinks in a silence, save of the chaps. A rapid walker poetically and humorously minded gathers multitudes of images on his way. And rain, the heaviest you can meet, is a lively companion when the resolute pacer scorns discomfort of wet clothes and squealing boots."—GEORGE MEREDITH.

- (j) "You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin."
R. B. SHERIDAN. (Referring to some poems.)
- (k) "Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting."—STERNE.
- (l) "What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from side to side, from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation and unbutton another?"—STERNE.
- (m) "Language is but a poor bull's-eye lantern, wherewith to show off the vast cathedral of the world."—R. L. STEVENSON.
- (n) "At the same moment, another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loop-hole, and, with one stunning blow laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor."—R. L. STEVENSON.
- (o) "Oh, those were days of power, gallant days, bustling days, worth the bravest days of chivalry at least; tall battalions of native warriors were marching through the land; there was the glitter of the bayonet and the gleam of the sabre; the shrill squeak of the fife and loud rattling of the drum were heard in the streets of country towns, and the loyal shouts of the inhabitants greeted the soldiery on their arrival or cheered them at their departure. And now let us leave the upland, and descend to the seaboard; there is a sight for you upon the billows! A dozen men-of-war are gliding majestically out of port, their long buntings streaming from the top-gallant masts, calling on the skulking Frenchman to come forth from his bights and bays; and what looms upon us yonder from the fog-bank in the east? a gallant frigate towing behind her the long low hull of a crippled privateer, which but three short days ago had left Dieppe to skim the sea, and whose crew of ferocious hearts are now cursing their imprudence in an English hold. Stirring times those, which I love to recall, for they were

days of gallantry and enthusiasm, and were, moreover, the days of my boyhood."—BORROW.

(p) "A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone."—SWIFT.

(q) "I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."—SYDNEY SMITH.

(r) "O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! Whom none could advise thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man; and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Hic jacet*."—SIR WALTER RALEGH.

(s) "And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."—SWIFT.

(t) "As the wind, wandering over the sea, takes from each wave an invisible portion, and brings to those on shore the ethereal essence of ocean, so the air lingering among the woods and hedges—green waves and billows—became full of fine atoms of summer. Swept from notched hawthorn leaves, broad topped oak-leaves, narrow ash sprays and oval willows; from vast elm cliffs and sharp-taloned brambles under; brushed from the waving grasses and stiffening corn, the dust of the sunshine was borne along and breathed. Steeped in flower and pollen to the music of bees and birds,

the stream of the atmosphere became a living thing. It was life to breathe it, for the air itself was life."—RICHARD JEFFERIES.

- (u) Violins, too,—the sweet old Amati!—the divine Stradivarius! Played on by ancient *maestros* until the bow-hand lost its power and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast, who made it whisper his hidden love, and cry his inarticulate longings, and scream his untold agonies, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his dying hand to the cold *virtuoso*, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended; and back again to orgies in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were shut up in it; then again to the gentle *diletante* who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him softly as in the days of the old *maestros*. And so given into our hands, its pores full of music; stained through and through with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings."—O. W. HOLMES.
- (v) "Ardent and intrepid on the field of battle, Monmouth was everywhere else effeminate and irresolute."—MACAULAY.
- (w) "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their unfortunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field."—BURKE.
- (x) "In the acuteness of her senses she heard a step mounting a distant staircase, coming slowly, coming nearer. She knew it not to be her father's, and that was all she cared about. Nearer and nearer—close to the outside of the door—a pause, and a soft hesitating tap. The great gaunt figure sitting by her side quivered at the sound."—MRS. GASKELL.
- (y) "There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as

hazard brought them together. At first, they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarser woollen rags ; but as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad rose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another's hands, clutched at one another's heads, spun round alone, caught one another and spun round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While those were down, the rest linked hand-in-hand, and all spun round together : then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and five they turned and turned until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched, and tore, and then reversed the spin and all spun round another way. . . . No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance."—CHARLES DICKENS.

EXERCISES II.

Write the following in a more emphatic form :—

- (a) The king was stern and unyielding to men who opposed his will, but he was kind and compliant to those he loved.
- (b) The magistrate stretched out his hand towards Lammen, and told the people that, yonder, behind the fort, were bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. " Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns ? " he asked, " or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends ? "
- (c) She went toward the brook again ; my agitation, my weakness and my doubt came over me again ; I could not see her while she raised the water, and I did not know whence she drew it.
- (d) She is perhaps wicked, but she is also strong.
- (e) A colossal mountain of grey cloud rises beyond, and through the shadowed sides of it the sunbeams penetrate in dim sloping, rain-like shafts.
- (f) The famous cry, which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field, rose there for the first time.
- (g) The indignation of all, that the state-councillor should have dared to stigmatise as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins, was great.
- (h) He who was cast lower than the poorest, and to whom the proudest used once to kneel, lies low ; he, whom millions prayed for in vain, is dead.

- (i) It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, who was then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and a more delightful vision surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch.
- (j) "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose, started up at our entrance a man as black as a Cyclops from the forge."—DR. JOHNSON.
- (k) "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." DR. JOHNSON.*
- (l) "He had a very good understanding. He knew well the state of affairs both at home and abroad. He had a softness of temper that charmed all who came near him, till they found how little they could depend on good looks, kind words, and fair promises, in which he was liberal to excess, because he intended nothing by them but to get rid of importunities and to silence all farther pressing upon him." —BURNETT.
- (m) "He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he was not without appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops, which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters, he had about him a strange cheerfulness and companiableness, without at all affecting the execution that was then principally to be attended, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not, by resistance, necessary; insomuch that at Edgehill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; insomuch as a man might think he came into the field only out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood."—CLARENDON.
- n) "In our way we came to one of the few places where access to the island is not guarded by a reef, and, consequently, a high surf breaks upon the shore; a more dreadful one, indeed, I have seldom seen; it was impossible for any European boat to have lived in it; and if the best swimmer in Europe had, by any accident, been exposed to its fury,

* Johnson has himself given a simpler, and therefore more emphatic rendering of these two examples.

I am confident that he would not have been able to preserve himself from drowning, especially as the shore was covered with pebbles and large stones ; yet in the midst of these breakers were ten or twelve Indians swimming for their amusement : whenever a surf broke near them, they dived under it, and, to all appearance with infinite facility, rose again on the other side." (" Captain Cook's Voyages.")





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